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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DISARMAMENT IN SOUTH AMERICA

La Prensa, the important Buenos Aires anti-Administration organ, calls the subject of disarmament in South America 'the second most important issue on the programme of the Fifth Pan-American Conference': —

'South American armaments, whether of Brazil or Chile or of Argentina herself, are inexplicable and unjustifiable in view of the present mutual relations of the South American states. Yet, unfortunately, they have been placed on the programme of the Santiago Conference as a continental question. The situation will therefore be analogous to that at The Hague where, according to the famous words of M. Bourgeois, "the world assembled to assure peace and succeeded only in sanctioning war."

'Indeed, although disarmament had been discussed at Washington and a partial convention on the equality of navies was arrived at, the same ideas, when submitted to the Pan-American Union, were rejected and a military formula alone was accepted, that of maintaining the military status quo and seeking a way to reduce armaments in the future.

'The plan proposed by the United States, with the agreement of Chile and Brazil, but with the inexplicable and unjustifiable absence of Argentina from the discussions in regard to the Pan-American Union, works out as the very opposite of disarmament or equal representation. It is a recognition of militarism and inequality in the face of those who profess and practise real pacifism; and it could not be placed on the programme of a Pan-American conference without clashing with our noblest ideals.

'In proposing this plan the United States has committed an unintentional mistake — a mistake which was one more result of the lack of reliable information concerning events in this part of the American Continent. And the suggestion that Argentina subscribe to a programme analogous to that of Brazil must result in influencing both these countries to encourage militarism and to endanger peace.

'As soon as this formula was incorporated in the programme of the Conference, one of our neighbors hastened to improve her status quo by placing new contracts for military supplies.

'As the Chilean Chancellor declared in an interview with a correspondent of *La Prensa* on January 30, "the most convenient thing in regard to this question for all American countries would be a status quo and not a reduc-

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tion of armaments, as I assume that no reciprocal animosities exist at present among them."'

However, this last supposition is challenged by the *Diario Ilustrado* of Santiago de Chile, which says: 'Argentina, which has no possible enemy in South America except Brazil, could not contemplate with indifference the latter country's military growth, and consequently drew up her own plan of defense. It does not seem probable that Brazil would be willing to lose the ground she gained, nor that Argentina would renounce her intention of organizing her national defense on a sound foundation. . . . We believe that, even in case Brazil should be forced to reduce her armament, Chile would maintain the small army she actually possesses because, upon due consideration of the principal factors, we only occupy the place which corresponds to our rank.'

La Prensa points out that the article from which the above quotation is made was written by recognized authorities.

Again, 'the frequent declarations of the Minister of Foreign Relations of Brazil upon the subject of an armed peace tend to indicate that the Brazilian Delegation has been instructed to prevent the Conference from discussing this question. Because, as the Chancellor quite ironically remarks, "Brazil is disarmed." Who, then, will be the one to initiate such debates? Brazil does not want to discuss the theme. Chile, who first started it, has since promised to remain "disinterested." The United States will not go against the wishes of both Brazil and Chile; Chile and Uruguay will most probably support Brazil; and, since a discussion of complete and legal disarmament is excluded, the subject becomes absolutely void of interest to Argentina.'

Nevertheless, it may be noted that some authoritative voices in Brazil disapprove of their present Government's alleged militaristic policy. The important *Jornal do Brazil* says: 'In Europe, in the United States, and in South America we are considered to be essentially militaristic. In the preliminary meeting the whole South American press ranged itself unanimously against us; even Uruguay, our traditional friend, joined the current of hostility against Brazil.

'The Continent was enjoying the utmost tranquillity when Epitacio Pessoa initiated his military programme. . . . We are a pacific nation, and all our interests point toward peace. But words are not sufficient to clear up the international horizon. We must act decisively in order to prove our sincerity; if not, it is better to maintain silence.'

But *La Prensa* says, 'These ideas do not fall upon fertile ground in official circles in Brazil; and the initiative of frank international harmony without jealousies or plans of military supremacy will be shattered at Santiago.'

Another issue of the same journal informs us that 'there was much activity among the delegations aimed at avoiding discussion on the subject of the limitation of armaments.'

The Rio de Janeiro daily, *O Paiz*, after lavishing high praise on the address of Dr. Alessandri and expressing the hope that the Brazilian people would agree with what he had to say about the limitation of military expenditures, adds: 'The whole world knows that, due to the unwise campaign inaugurated by our Chancellery in favor of a military understanding between the three leading South American countries, and due also to the abstention of Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia, the Brazilian delegation was instructed to pay no attention to Article XII of the agenda, so that the question

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of disarmament will be considered by our Chancellery as good as non-existent.'

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WHO IS * * * ?

THE significance of the two articles bearing the simple signature * * *, which discuss Anglo-French relations in *Figaro*, and which are translated in this issue of the *Living Age*, has provoked a great deal of discussion in England and France. A suggestion that M. Poincaré was himself the author has met with a prompt denial. Some idea of the author's qualifications may be gained, however, from a book which has just been published in Paris. After reading this, a writer in the liberal *Westminster Gazette* says: 'Whoever its actual writer may be, — and he appears to be someone of standing, better-informed, more candid and acute in his judgments than the English "Gentleman with a Duster," also more interested in the art of politics, — it is clear throughout the book that he is someone in full sympathy with M. Poincaré's present policy, but with lurking sympathies with the monarchical system.'

M. André Tardieu has asserted that, although not of the French Premier's own writing, the articles may be traced to his inspiration. Certainly the author of the book is sufficiently friendly to him. M. Poincaré is presented as a man of high sensibility: 'legal studies have not withered his heart,' and the Socialist attacks upon him, especially those charging him with responsibility for the war, wound him deeply.

The outspokenness of the articles has stirred up the English press. A fair sample of English reaction to the stimulus contained in these two articles is to be found in this leading article by the former editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. J. A. Spender: —

'The denial that it was written or inspired by M. Poincaré may be accepted without any reservations, and nothing less need be said about the assurance that M. Poincaré honestly desires to maintain the Entente with this country. But if the *Figaro* writer correctly describes the policy of his Government, he is undoubtedly right in his conclusion that that Government will have to find other than British support in carrying it out. I do not think we ought to take offense when that self-evident fact is pointed out.

'Our late Government plunged up to the neck with the French in the Reparations follies committed by the Peace Conference, but it did at all events stand firm against any policy which would convert the Rhineland and the Ruhr into another Alsace-Lorraine. That, as Englishmen think, must have been the result of what was then called the Foch-Poincaré plan and must be the result of what now seems to be on foot in the Ruhr. If France takes that road, she must, so far as we are concerned, take it alone; and if acceptance of that idea is to be taken as the test of loyalty to our Allies, we must submit to be called disloyal.'

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REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

SINCE the decisive preponderance of power in the British Parliament passed to the Commons, little has been heard of the so-called 'reform' of the House of Lords. The subject has recently made its reappearance in political circles, and the *Spectator* of March 31 publishes the following rather conservative suggestions: —

'The debate in the House of Lords on Thursday, March 22, was a milestone in the controversy about reforming the Second Chamber. Progress is being made. We admit that it seems rather paradoxical to say this when the

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chief fact of the situation is that the scheme drawn up by Lord Bryce's Committee for reforming the Second Chamber has no friends left. It has been jettisoned, and no new scheme has taken its place.

'But in spite of that we insist that progress is being made, because the debate of last week proved that most members of the House of Lords are now thinking along much simpler, less ambitious, and more practical lines. If this tendency lasts, we shall get an arrangement that will enable the House of Lords to perform functions of the greatest national value without being very drastically changed and, above all, without provoking another Constitutional crisis like that of 1911.

'In considering the Reform of the House of Lords it is necessary to keep two main points in mind: (1) What is the true function of the House of Lords? (2)What should be the qualifications for membership?

'The true function of the House of Lords is not to act in any way as a rival to the House of Commons, but to be harnessed to the service of Democracy in such a way that it may act as Remembrancer of the people. Talk about a veto belonging to the House of Lords is obsolete. The veto rests with the people as a whole, and everybody knows it. That there must be a veto lodged somewhere is one of the surest lessons of history. The King used to have it; then it belonged to the Lords; now it belongs to the people; and within recent years the Lords have never claimed more than the duty of delaying doubtful measures till the opinion of the people could be expressed.

'If it should be arranged, as it easily can be, that the House of Lords in the case of disputed measures should have the right and the duty to demand the opinion of the people by means of a poll of the people, or referendum, there would be no need whatever to repeal the Parliament Act. That act provided for three presentations of a measure within two years, at the end of which, if the House of Commons persisted, the assent of the House of Lords should no longer be deemed necessary. All that would be necessary would be to add a new clause declaring that a bill should not become an act until the people by means of the referendum had been asked whether or not they approved of it. The answer to the question, "Do you want this Bill or do you not?" would be a simple "yes" or "no."

'In the past a strong and not unreasonable objection to the referendum has been raised by Liberals on the ground that the Lords would pass Unionist measures as a matter of course, but would hold up Liberal measures. The remedy for this is to give to any number of members of the House of Commons greater than one third of that body the right to demand a referendum. Thus the poll of the people would not be the weapon of any one party.

'Now as regards the qualification for a reformed House of Lords. It is admitted by all candid observers that "a full-dress debate" in the House of Lords on a matter of national importance is generally an impressive and very valuable thing. We want to keep this service at its full value instead of losing it. If the House of Lords were turned into a more representative Chamber than it is, it would infallibly lose strength in practice even while it gained it in form. This would happen for the simple reason that the House of Commons would very naturally be jealous.

'It may be said that a partly elected and partly nominated House of Lords — we do not care whether the election

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were direct or indirect — would be sufficiently different from the House of Commons and that there would be no real clash. We do not believe it, and the course of the debate in the House of Lords last week showed that most peers do not believe it either. If a new Second Chamber, drawing its authority much more than now from the people, saw the House of Commons behaving wildly or foolishly, it would almost certainly try to assert itself. It would regard an exhibition of folly in the other House as intolerable; it would remember that the nation had created a Second Chamber to function, not to do nothing; and it would try to pull things straight while there was yet time. The House of Commons would, of course, resent the interference and there would once more be a first-class Constitutional crisis — the very thing that we all want to avoid.

'The path of safety, therefore, is to make the House of Lords as dissimilar from the House of Commons as it can possibly be. It is at present quite dissimilar and we maintain that it ought to remain so. For its particular purpose the House of Lords, with certain reservations that we shall come to in a moment, works very well. It was with real satisfaction that we noticed in the debate of last week a general instinct for getting away from the dangerous old game of Constitution-making. After all, the peers do not want the sort of thing that was satirized by Burke: —

> Abbé Sieyès has whole nests of pigeon-holes full of constitutions ready-made, ticketed, sorted, and numbered, suited to every season and every fancy; some with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and some with the bottom at the top; some plain, some flowered; some distinguished for their simplicity, others for their complexity; some with directories, others without a direction; some with councils of elders and councils of youngsters, some without any council at all; some where the electors choose the representatives, others where the representatives choose the electors; some in long cloaks and some in short cloaks; some with pantaloons, some without breeches; some with five-shilling qualifications, some totally unqualified.

'All that is required in the way of reform is that the number of peers should be cut down and that some test of fitness or public service should be imposed. At present the peers who have the right to sit number well over 700, and that is more than twice the number of any other civilized Second Chamber in the world.

'Another disadvantage of the present system is that peers, generally described as "backwoodsmen," who take no manner of interest in the ordinary debates and hardly ever trouble to attend the House, rush to Westminster at a particular crisis and may be able to outvote the serious people who do all the work, and whose judgment is much more entitled to respect. The number of peers, then, to whom a Writ of Summons would be issued would be reduced by providing that to be eligible a man must have sat as a member in the House of Commons, or have been elected as a representative peer of Scotland or Ireland, or have been a member of the Privy Council, or a Lord-Lieutenant, or a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, or a Chairman of a County Council, or a Mayor, or a Governor of a Dominion, or a member of the Diplomatic Service for a stated period, or an officer of one of the fighting Services for a stated period, and so on. Moreover, in addition to the present spiritual peers, representatives of Nonconformist bodies and of the Roman Catholic Church should sit as spiritual life peers.

'Such an assembly, preserving in the main the hereditary principle,

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would be directly connected with all our Constitutional traditions. We believe that we are nearer than ever before to a plan of reform which will distill the essence of the present House of Lords and combine it with that great safeguard against revolution and madness — the Poll of the People.'

MINOR NOTES

COUNT BERNSTORFF'S weekly, *Das Demokratische Deutschland*, in a recent edition makes fun of General Ludendorff's well-known monarchistic leanings.

'Whenever a *putsch* takes place anywhere,' it says, 'General Ludendorff will be found to have at least indulged in correspondence. When Kapp marched into Berlin the General stood at the Brandenburg Gate as maid of honor. Later, of course, it was only a chance encounter, and he was sorry that he had been saluted in Unter den Linden. It would have all been better at home. Ehrhardt too, or as they call him in Munich, Consul Ehrlich, had met Ludendorff only quite accidentally. A short time ago he even quarreled with him. It goes without saying that Ludendorff has n't the slightest knowledge of the latest putsches. He states this, and publishes his denial, as an exception, not in the anti-German papers owned by Northcliffe's heirs, but in orthodox, patriotic organs. No doubt the General believes that his hour has not yet arrived. We are even of the opinion that it has already gone by. He buries his military reputation not on the Marne but on the Isar. He was beaten by Foch, which, after all, was honorable, but he is beaten again by Herr Severing, which is not honorable at all. Prince Bülow would have scolded about beggars and conspirators, but that was meant for those Russians who rose to power under the name of Bolsheviki.'

The leader of the Bavarian People's Party, Representative Held, is less polite. His opinion is that 'Ludendorff is a man who makes it his business to misuse Bavaria's hospitality, in order to combat and intrigue against every popular movement in the land.'

THE Berlin *Nakanune* prints a letter from Brusa, where Kemal Pasha is said to have made a public speech in which he alleged that harems are making their final exit from Turkey. The moment has now come when the Turkish woman may well enter the struggle for existence on a par with her husband. On this occasion Mustapha Kemal undertook to prove that the harem, as an institution aiming at secluding the woman from all social contact with men not her relatives, was unknown in ancient Turkey. It only appeared when Persian influences began to penetrate Asia Minor. Most Turkish wives were chosen from among Caucasian women, and it was a deeply rooted Persian conviction that a foreign wife thought of nothing else but an opportunity to deceive her husband. There was no justification of the harem system to be found in the Koran; but the Persian custom seemed expedient and was adopted. Now, however, the growth of Turkish national sentiment demands a complete reform of Turkish family life.

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CHINESE CHAOS

BY A PEKING CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times, March* 20, 21, 22
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

The financial position of the Chinese Government is so serious as to demand the immediate attention of the interested Powers. China is in a peculiar category among the States of the world. Whereas foreigners transact business in certain countries at their own risk, with little or no expectation of official support in case of loss, in China circumstances are different.

Her customs duties are collected by a foreign-managed organization, nominally in Chinese employ, but in reality acting as trustee for the service of foreign debt. The national monopoly of salt is partially under foreign control for the same purpose. The railways in various degrees are also subject to foreign control, in order to secure maintenance and repayment of the foreign loans with which they were built.

Extraterritoriality puts foreigners in China under their own law. Foreign warships patrol the inland waters of China and protect foreign shipping, because the Chinese Government cannot guarantee safety. Foreign troops occupy the approaches to the capital, and in the capital itself the foreign Legations are protected by guards of their own nationality.

This unusual situation has gradually arisen throughout the last sixty years, and the main cause of it may be summed up in a sentence. There is no effective Government in China in the modern sense, and commercial and other relations with China, as she has been in the past and still is, would be impossible without the special arrangements which exist. Whether foreigners have always been fair in demanding special conditions from China is another question. There is much to be said on both sides. But it is the fact that vast foreign interests have arisen under these special conditions.

If China had meanwhile been putting her house in order and earning the right to complete independence, as Japan and Siam have done, her present disabilities would have disappeared, or would-be-disappearing. On the contrary China is more unorganized than ever, and she is simply incapable of standing alone. The Powers interested have recently shown great, if not very intelligent, good-will toward her. It is both their wish and their interest to stabilize her. How can they best serve her and their own interests at this juncture? By standing aside and letting the processes of disruption operate without restriction? Or by taking such action as they can to reorder her affairs and give her Government an opportunity to make a fresh start?

There are two great facts to be faced. The first is that the power of government has departed from the centre and has become vested in a number of different military commanders established in the various provinces. There is no central authority at all. These commanders have enlisted large forces by which they maintain their positions. In order to keep up these separate and independent armies they tax their satrapies heavily and improperly.

Mostly men who have risen owing to

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a force of character exceeding the average among their fellow countrymen, these commanders — Tuchuns, that is, military governors — are generally illiterate. Under them the administration is chaotic, and nearly every province is a prey to bandits, in spite of the presence of large Regular forces. The bandits, in fact, are mostly soldiers who, owing to nonpayment, have deserted with their arms. When bandits become too troublesome they are taken into the provincial armies and forgiven.

So the process goes on, and the armed forces of China to-day are little else than hordes of men who may be soldiers at one moment and banditti the next. They are an intolerable pest to the country in either capacity.

Why is a Tuchun a Tuchun? As governor of a province he controls the revenue. He taxes perhaps forty millions of people. He trades in opium or encourages its growth in order to raise money. He taxes commerce regardless of domestic law and foreign treaties. He legalizes vice and gambling. He degrades the currency and issues quantities of irredeemable paper notes. Everything is done with a view to producing money. Some of the proceeds go to pay for the army through which he retains power. The remainder goes into his own pocket. He spends nothing on public works. His whole career is a grand orgy of exaction.

Why should such a one reduce his forces and send the money saved to a central Government? A strong central Government would be his implacable enemy, and the enemy of everyone like him. The Tuchuns are intensely jealous of each other, but they are all in the same boat. Let anyone begin to rise above his fellows and they combine against him.

The second great fact. Shorn of power, the Government gets nothing from the provinces. For the past few years it has been living on the surplus revenues of the three departments whose receipts are more or less under foreign control — customs, salt, and railways. In addition, it has borrowed enormously from foreign countries which had motives for making bad transactions, or which did not realize that they were making bad transactions, and from their own people at rates for which the word usurious is inadequate. More and more the successive Peking Governments which have been set up by one or other of the militarists have been sucked dry for military purposes.

To-day a mountain of debt confronts Peking, which could not be found in a hundred years out of existing resources. Such money as dribbles in is commandeered by the militants, leaving almost nothing for the payment of officials and the foreign and domestic creditors, who are legion.

The evil of militarism is responsible for the evil conditions of the finances. Each condition reacts on the other, so that steadily things are becoming worse and worse. The situation of Government employees in Peking is tragic. Many modern-style banks which have arisen of late years will shortly collapse if Government indebtedness is not liquidated. Many valuable educational institutions must soon cease functioning if provision is not made for them. Every kind of public work is neglected. Enterprise is everywhere paralyzed. Economic development is arrested.

Everything indicates that the splendid foreign trade which has persisted in spite of the internal chaos of the past ten years will in the end be seriously affected. Huge foreign interests are dependent upon the foreign commerce. The funded foreign debt of China is dependent on the maintenance of the foreign trade. The whole existence of the State is based upon its commerce,

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and if the foundation decays what becomes of the State?

The Chinese have had opportunity after opportunity to straighten their affairs. The Revolution ousted the Manchus who encumbered the country. Yuan Shih-kai succeeded, and no sooner had order been restored than he scattered his resources in the vain endeavor to ascend the throne from which he had been instrumental in deposing the Manchus. Again the revolutionists had the chance to begin afresh. They failed, partly because they were deficient in the qualities necessary to combat the adverse circumstances, and partly because the circumstances were indeed adverse.

The fighting of last spring brought back Parliament, a benevolent President, and a Government in which Young China predominated. There has been-no beneficial result whatever, and the only political effect visible to-day is the endeavor to put a typical Tuchun in the Presidential chair and to isolate Wu Pei-fu, one of the few patriots in sight who has power at his back. It is not the intention to do well that has been lacking, but the power to do well. Where a Government without money can do nothing, a Government with money might do very much better — especially in China, where money is the mainspring of life.

There seems to be only one practicable way of improving the situation, and that is by relieving the Government of its heavy burden of debt and providing it with a regular income — in other words, by giving it a fresh start. The greater evil of militarism is something with which the people of China alone can deal, for the foreigner cannot tackle this problem unless prepared to intervene with force. But the lesser and consequent evil of disordered finance can be corrected by foreign agency, with the double result of putting debts to foreigners on a sound footing and at the same time making the Government solvent. A heavily encumbered debtor has little chance of recovery. Relieved of his encumbrances, the same man may regain credit and become a pillar of society.

The floating debt which hangs around the neck of every Government which takes office in Peking, and handicaps every attempt to reorganize, is a monumental sum in itself, but a comparative trifle in proportion to the population and resources of the country.

It is called a floating debt to distinguish it from the regular debt composed of long-term loans issued in Europe and secured on customs, salt, and railways. It comprises debts to foreigners and Chinese, the latter mainly in the shape of domestic loans for fixed terms, the former mostly long overdue. Whereas the regular debt is secured practically independently of the Chinese Government, and causes it no concern, generally speaking there is no specific security for the floating debt.

It can be said that the Ministry of Finance is permanently invested by an army of creditors, who press the siege without intermission, for whole or part payment or for interest on account. At the same time the income of the Government is not sufficient even to pay the staffs of the Ministries, let alone cost of public works, grants for education, pay of police, and the manifold daily needs of an Administration. In these circumstances the army of debtors has nothing to gain, and the clamor is maintained only that each shall have his place on the list when the grand smash comes which shall force a general liquidation.

It is impossible to estimate the floating debt exactly, owing to the difficulty of computing outstanding interest and fixing exchange. But the following summary states the case nearly enough

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for the purpose of indicating the general position in Straits dollars: —

Domestic loans	$340,000,000
Short-term debts to Chinese banks and firms	88,000,000
Treasury notes outstanding	34,000,000
Unsecured foreign loans	240,000,000
Owing to foreign firms	100,000,000
	$797,000,000

This total amounts in sterling approximately to £99,625,000.

The domestic loans have all been contracted since the Revolution. Directly or indirectly, the proceeds have been spent mostly for military purposes. Nothing productive has been done with any of the money. The bonds of some of these loans were sold for prices as low as 15 to 20 per $100 bond. Many bonds were forced upon the public by the Central and Provincial Governments. On the whole, probably the Government received as cash on an average something like half the face value.

There is a large and busy market in Peking for the bonds, which fluctuate up and down according to the prospects of interest and amortization being forthcoming on the appointed dates. Various offers at consolidation have been made, and one scheme provided for $12,000,000 per annum from the salt surplus, $10,000,000 from the wine and tobacco monopoly, pending the reorganization of which the Board of Communications was to furnish $500,000 per month. Any deficiency was to be made up from the customs surplus. One payment only was made out of the salt surplus, but nothing has come from the two other sources, with the result that this whole liability now falls on the customs surplus.

In other words, China is trying to use the customs and salt surpluses, her only good assets, and both under foreign control, to pay domestic debtors when she is in default all round to foreigners. This situation recently brought the British, American, French, and Japanese Ministers upon the scene, protesting against the neglect of obligations to foreigners in favor of internal creditors. They referred to the credit of China, 'now become seriously impaired by default on loans in England, America, France, and Japan.' They take exception to the preferential treatment of internal loans, and request that future customs surpluses shall no longer be exclusively used in this manner.

The result was a flurry in the local money-market, and much uncertainty as to the future of the domestic bonds, for the Legations interested have the power to withhold release of surpluses and thus to suspend payments on account of internal loans. Should they do anything of the kind, a financial panic would follow and many Chinese banks would come down.

In much the same category as the domestic loans come the short-term debts to Chinese banks, firms, and so forth. These represent amounts borrowed concurrently with the issue of the domestic loans. Some of the transactions were forced on the banks, and all are at high rates of interest, some indeed at usurious rates. The inability of the Government to pay has left most of the banks high and dry, and suspension must ensue in many cases if an arrangement is not made at an early date. The total under Treasury notes represents transactions of a character similar to the foregoing. It includes over five millions held by the Manchu family in lieu of arrears of pension, and covers a host of liabilities for military supplies, military and official pay.

The formidable figure under unsecured foreign debts covers the series of Japanese loans made in 1918 and 1919, totaling 120,000,000 yen, all overdue and upon which no interest has been paid. These transactions were warmly

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criticized in China and abroad, and are repudiated by many Chinese on the ground that they were made without the consent of Parliament. It includes also about 40,000,000 yen due to Japanese firms and banks, mostly for military supplies. In this list appears about 150,000,000 fr. due to the ill-fated Banque Industrielle, and debts due to other foreign banks. It also includes the Marconi and Vickers and the two American loans (G.$5,500,000 each), all four in default.

The last item of $100,000,000 owing to foreign firms is for railway, telephone, and telegraph material supplied during the past two or three years through the Ministry of Communications. This department, when the railways were running satisfactorily and producing a net revenue of about $35,000,000 per annum, was a substantial concern, well able to meet its obligations. Foreign firms, therefore, were justified in accepting orders for material obviously needed and economically productive, and it has been a great shock to them to find, not only that the department has suspended payment, but that the railway position as a whole has become so bad that prospects of payment have become exceedingly remote, while some of the lines are deteriorating to a point where traffic may have to be suspended. British firms at home and in China, and British banks, are deeply involved, and for some firms it will spell disaster if some sort of settlement is not speedily arranged.

On the one side there is a load upon the Chinese Government which is unbearable, and a constant source of anxiety and friction, owing to the demands for payment which cannot be met. On the other side there is the hardship upon creditors and the danger of a financial panic which would inevitably affect the general economic life of the country. Some of the railways are in desperation for the ready money to purchase daily necessities, for their credit is entirely gone. For instance, although traffic on the Peking-Suiyuan railway is seriously impeded for lack of rolling stock, there are three hundred cars lying at one of the ports of which delivery cannot be obtained because the Government cannot pay the charges.

It is urgent that a settlement of the debts for railway material shall be made, in order to restore credit and make possible the purchase of material essential to continue working. If financial collapse and railway dislocation occur together the foreign trade cannot but be affected, with dire results in every direction. The case for the application of a remedy, if remedy there is, is as urgent as could be, in Chinese as well as in foreign interests.

There is a remedy, and the Treaty Powers interested have already agreed in principle to a policy which makes its application practicable at an early date. It was recognized at the Washington Conference that China's customs duties were unduly low, and it was settled, first, that they should be revised to give China an effective 5 per cent, — which is now in operation, — and, second, that a surtax of 2½ per cent should be imposed. These two concessions have been estimated to yield an additional revenue to China of $46,000,000. A further increase was contemplated when China had abolished the likin taxes, which handicap the internal trade of the country.

A foreign commission is to go into the whole question and to formulate the conditions under which the 2½ per cent surtax is to be granted. The appointment of the commission, however, awaits the ratification of the Washington resolutions by the French, Italian, and Japanese Governments, and the commission cannot sit before the au-

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tumn, or complete its business for at least a year from now — much too long to wait for an examination of the present serious state of affairs.

It is obvious that the increased revenue to be derived from the contemplated surtax must be used to liquidate the floating debt. The view has been expressed that it would be a mistake to use the proceeds of an additional tax on foreign trade for the repayment of transactions like the Japanese loans, which were made for a political purpose and have since been condemned in Japan. The two American loans in default were also given to China unconditionally, in opposition to the policy of the Consortium, to which the United States now subscribes. The Marconi and Vickers loans were warmly criticized because they involved China in enterprises, wireless and aeronautic, which she could not successfully conclude.

The truth of the matter is that practically all the money borrowed by China during the past few years, at home and abroad, has been used, directly or indirectly, to serve the purposes of the militarists; and there is little to choose between any of the transactions, although in some cases the lenders did not realize the uses to which the money was being put.

It may be said that all the loans were bad for China. Yet China has had the money, and in the end she will have to repay. Meanwhile the Americans and the French and the Japanese want their transactions put on a sound footing, and it is useless to expect these Powers to agree to any disposal of the increased customs duties until Chinese debts to them have been settled.

Theoretically, it is sound that parties who made selfish or ill-considered or speculative advances to a bankrupt Government should be allowed to stew in their own juice. But the reality of the situation is that China owes the money and that failure to recognize the fact will involve her in serious international difficulties. Considering the whole position, the danger of financial collapse, the decay of the railways and the economic check which must follow, it is plain that there is nothing to be done with the additional revenue but to consolidate the unsecured debt.

Forty-six million dollars per annum, *plus* something from the salt, and a further contribution from the wine and tobacco monopoly, which must be reorganized, will suffice to secure a loan or bond issue large enough to fund all China's unsecured obligations. It will be possible to write down domestic loans and probably some domestic debts.

It is, however, at this stage useless to go into details. The mess can be cleared up, and the case for action is established. But the interested Powers should not wait for the Washington Commission. They should appoint a small committee of experts completely familiar with the situation at once to examine the facts and to be prepared with the necessary evidence to lay before the Commission. Otherwise the representatives of nine Powers will assemble in Peking and find themselves confronted by a deluge of figures and a tissue of complicated issues, with which they will be totally unable to deal until they have lived years in the country.

One word in conclusion. If the mess is cleared up and the Chinese Government given a fresh start, it must be recognized that solvency may soon again be succeeded by renewed insolvency. Safeguards may be imposed, and they may hinder any tendency to revert to bankruptcy; but they cannot in the end be effective if the Chinese persist in taking the downward path. This risk the foreigner will have to run. The alternative is to let things go, with all the evil consequences which it has been sought in these articles to describe.

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THE LION'S SHARE

BY * * *

[*It will be remembered that when M. Poincaré left office, after his term as President, he immediately joined the staff of* Le Matin, *where a position had been kept open for him. It is now common gossip in Paris that a similar post on* Figaro *awaits him when he shall cease to be Prime Minister. Hence two articles in* Figaro *bearing the signature of three stars, which is already well-known in the French press, and voicing the sentiments of the Prime Minister and his followers, have sometimes been attributed to him. Nothing but surmise supports the attribution of the authorship, but M. André Tardieu asserts that, if not the author, the Prime Minister is at least the inspirer of these articles. They have called forth much comment in England, where the second has been reprinted entire by the* New Statesman.]

From *Figaro, March* 24 *and* 31
(Paris Radical Party Daily)

I

From the time of the Armistice French and English interests have been opposed to each other. As we have said in earlier articles, the history of several centuries might have enabled the rulers to anticipate as much. England, like Germany, had kept her soil and her factories intact. She meant to profit without any delay by the advantageous activities which her financial and industrial leaders had brought about or prepared while hostilities were still in progress, in America, Switzerland, and Holland.

The most elementary justice demanded imposing on Germany first of all the settlement of Reparations accounts due to France and Belgium. This Mr. Lloyd George did not appear to understand. He employed every artifice, every trick, all the cleverness of an imagination rich in devices, to block France and to dupe her. He had reasons of his own. What mattered to him was less fostering Germany for her own sake than favoring the combinations of a financial consortium whose mouthpiece he was. He had not the excuse of serving, like a good British Minister, the traditional selfishness of his nation. He served as an accomplice the selfishness of an international syndicate.

At the moment France was exhausted. Her finances were at their last gasp. Her factories and industrial equipment were destroyed. Far from being able to provide goods for export, which alone would have improved her exchange, France was not even in a position to take care of her internal market, nor to provide for the needs of a diminished population. What competition had Mr. Lloyd George and his masters to fear from this unhappy country? Their greed was implacable. They counted on checking the economic recovery of France just as the Germans had counted on her ruin. The Germans destroyed, Mr. Lloyd George and his international syndicate hampered the work of reconstruction. The means were different — the effect the same.

We have struggled for four years to secure our rights. Despairing of success, we have made a decision to work alone, to demand direct from Germany

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the credits which all the conferences have recognized and ratified. To strengthen our demands we have entered the Ruhr. The shortages of the Germans were established in the eyes of the whole world. Germany admitted them in the very act of seeking to excuse them. The Treaty of Versailles had provided for pressure. It bore the signature of England, and England refused to admit the German shortages in order to avoid honoring her signature by supporting our action.

In 1914 it would have been enough for England to indicate her intention to intervene at the psychological moment in order to block the world catastrophe. Ever since 1919 it would have been enough to apply the provisions of the Treaty in order to make our present action needless. The German default that brings us to the Ruhr is the outcome of an English default.

Ever since the Armistice the financiers and business men of England have been developing their position in Germany. They have invested enormous sums of capital there, so that the clash between French and British interests has steadily increased. Economic accord between France and England will be realized to-morrow no more than yesterday. It is necessary for us, then, freely to seek and to adopt the solutions that can save the fortunes of France to-day and in the future.

When Mr. Bonar Law replaced Mr. Lloyd George, Frenchmen believed that the latter's policy had been condemned by the great majority of the British people, and that as a logical result it would be given up by the new Cabinet. They assumed that Great Britain would support the French and Belgian efforts to secure Reparations. Mr. Bonar Law's first declarations justified this hope, which disappeared, however, with the first actual contact. Although Mr. Bonar Law has put into his diplomatic reports more courtesy and sincerity, he has never ceased to defend British interests as Mr. Lloyd George originally saw them.

Though characterized by the finest outward grace, the fundamentals have never varied — the business men of 'the City' are not disarming. Everyone knows that they control the Treasury and that the Treasury controls the Government. No entente, then, is possible with England. We may rely on that from this time on. Such is the economic system of Great Britain, which no consideration and no force in the world can turn aside from the way which she has marked out for herself, or which has been marked out for her by international finance.

Mr. Bonar Law's language varied according to the moment. There have been times when he recognized our rights and desired us to succeed, but at bottom he was afraid of our success because it must lead to his own downfall.

If, as is now certain, we force Germany to capitulate, Mr. Bonar Law's situation would be extremely delicate. England would show herself hostile to our action in the Ruhr, because that would constitute an obstacle or a hindrance to the combinations of her business men and financiers. Mr. Bonar Law, in short, understood that the French decision was irrevocable. He did not want to give occasion for a definite break — English opinion would not have permitted it — and so he declared himself neutral and waited.

If the action of France had been greeted by a general outburst of indignation throughout the world, as Mr. Lloyd George, his patrons, and his accomplices hoped, the British Government would have taken sides against us. They would have used us to point a moral in the name of what the Bolshevizing radicals of Manchester called

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'the Public Conscience.' Britain would have intervened to reëstablish order on the continent. Since the action of France was approved in every country by all right-thinking men, by intelligent political leaders, by former fighting men, the British Government had to content itself with putting a few spokes in the wheels.

In the House of Commons it gave France a friendly warning that she was making a mistake, and sadly prophesied her failure. The whole attitude was an encouragement to Germany to stand out against us. Even at the present moment the Government at Berlin is holding off the inevitable outcome a little while by deceiving the German people as to the chance of a break between France and England.

But France must win — France is going to win! Her victory will gain for her a privileged position in Germany, which will checkmate the premature and selfish combinations of the British business men. The Englishmen who counted on Germany will not forgive Mr. Bonar Law for having let us win. The Englishmen who looked only to the interests of England will not pardon Mr. Bonar Law for having let us win alone.

If he had really had better intentions toward us than his predecessor it would have been easy to show them as soon as he came to power. He need not have done anything but replace Mr. Bradsbury on the Reparations Commission, and Lord D'Abernon in the Embassy at Berlin. These two were well enough known as creatures of Mr. Lloyd George, whose purpose they served without scruple or reserve.

Now Mr. Bonar Law kept Mr. Bradsbury on the Reparations Commission, in order to place an obstacle in the way of our rights, and he kept the indescribable Lord D'Abernon at Berlin, in order to organize, sustain, and develop the German resistance. So much was clear.

Everyone understands that we do not hold the British nation responsible for the blunders of its Government. We know how favorable British opinion is to us as a whole. Though we may lack an economic understanding, we shall always retain toward the people of Great Britain those feelings that arose from the display of so much heroism and the endurance of so many sacrifices in common on the soil of France.

The *Daily Mail*, whose sympathy for our country everyone knows, insists solemnly that the Entente must be maintained; but however great its good-will, however cordial its wishes, it would be hard to work out a programme that would reconcile our irreconcilable interests in any practical way. We are right then when we reproach M. Clemenceau's principal ministers here with having 'foreseen nothing, stopped nothing.' The difficulties with which France and Europe are struggling are their work. They must never hope for anything better than oblivion, and one is amazed at their stupidity when they attempt to enter the political arena and presume to replace the men who are struggling to atone for their blunders.

The task of saving the country belongs to new men better qualified. As for allies, we must look for them elsewhere. New men with a realistic spirit, new alliances founded on a reciprocity of interests — though this does not preclude good feelings, but rather strengthens them — and a definite and resolute policy will enable France to look with assurance beyond her frontiers and beyond the trials of the present.

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II

THE previous article in *Figaro*, on the relations of France and England, has caused some commotion in sections of the British press. This is surprising, for we have simply described facts which are true and which all the world knows.

This commotion would have been more in place on the various occasions when English Governments have occupied themselves in preventing France from obtaining what is her due. The Entente which to-day they are so anxious to maintain then had to be defended even against the English Ministers.

When they remind us of the brotherhood in arms which led us together to victory, our friends on the other side of the Channel do not find us insensible; an appeal to our sentiments touches us all the more since, in matters of sentiment, agreement between England and France is rare enough. As we have already said quite sincerely in these columns, we do not hold the British nation responsible for the treatment that its Governments, one after another, have inflicted upon us. We have not lost the memory of the heroism exhibited and the sacrifices borne in common on the soil of France. Never should we have taken the initiative toward separation. It is a tradition with us not to be the first to fire.

But this precious Entente, the wreck of which our Allies are sadly contemplating, who is it that has unceasingly shaken, undermined, ruined it?

Even during the course of hostilities, on the Somme, on the Marne, or in the councils held on the subject of Saloniki, plenty of incidents occurred which it has not been thought wise to divulge.

Since the Armistice, after Mr. Lloyd George had proclaimed the justice and the moderation of the French claims, not a conference has been held where those claims have not suffered adjustment and reduction, where France has not been forced to disastrous renunciations, where our rights, admitted in principle, have not been annulled in fact.

Ah! if only France had imposed her conditions at the moment when, almost alone, she bore the brunt of the terrible struggle — at the moment of the great thrust at Verdun, for example — England would not have haggled. Read again the English newspapers of that period: France and her heroes are there lauded to the skies; France is sublime; our men are 'splendid'; our country is the bulwark of civilization against German Kultur, the bulwark of liberty against Prussian despotism, the the bulwark of everything that makes life worth living against the savagery of the 'Hun' and the barbarism of the 'Boche.'

The orators and writers of the British Empire vied with each other in their admiration and love of France. They vied with each other in expressing the regret which England felt in not being yet in a state to support the superhuman effort of the French. At that moment certainly England had the feeling very clearly that France, by herself, was defending the existence of two nations. If France had then named her price, whatever it might have been, England would have agreed to it.

But France, absorbed by her immense task, was not thinking then of diplomatic chicane. She said, truly, 'I am making war.' She threw everything into the fight. She did not exploit, at the psychological moment, the anguish and gratitude of the Allies whom she saved.

When the anguish was dissipated, gratitude declined. '*Le péril passé,*

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adieu le saint.' In 1915 or 1916 they would have given us everything. In 1919 they opposed us in everything. We received vain promises, endured bitter affronts. And England was herself served handsomely: she took the German Colonies, the German Navy in order to sink it, the German Merchant Fleet in order to exploit it, Mesopotamia and its oil, Palestine, in order to control the Suez Canal and the Near East. What has she not taken? It was truly the lion's share. France was permitted only a distant hope of picking up some crumbs.

Since the Treaty of Versailles, where is the Entente?

Where was the Entente in the ten Conferences which ten times have diminished our proper share, and in the shabby dealings which they have repeatedly resorted to against us? Where is the Entente when they confiscate our gold, when they keep Mr. Bradsbury at the Reparations Commission to check our demands, when they establish Lord D'Abernon at Berlin to strengthen the resistance of the Germans?

If our Allies appreciate the value of the Entente, it is in the Ruhr that it should be affirmed and consolidated. In England, as in the United States, the pick and the majority of the nation approve of the action of France; why does not the British Government associate itself with them? Why does it not help us to assure the execution of the treaty which it signed with us? Noble Belgium has given it the example; so small in numbers and so great of heart, the Belgian people has felt that, even though it were detrimental to its immediate interests, its place was always at the side of bruised France.

Powerful England has not had the same impulse of chivalry, but if there remains with her any desire to preserve the Entente, she has only to make a gesture; to cut short German resistance by an unequivocal intervention, and guarantee security to France by means other than the suspect means of Mr. Lloyd George.

But England has not willed it. She accords us only a 'benevolent' neutrality; and this neutrality, which they represent to us every day as a favor, Mr. Bonar Law or Lord Curzon periodically disturbs by declarations which cannot have any other effect than to encourage Germany to resistance.

The occupation of the Ruhr is our last resource. It ought to succeed; it will succeed. And it will be the triumph of the will of France alone, tardily asserted after four years of deception. We have waited four years, been patient for four years; did they hope that France could be duped for longer than that?

The Entente in which we placed our trust has thus, in fact, been repudiated by the British Government before we ourselves had thought of abandoning it. *Entente* on this side of the Channel, *mésentente* on that side: result, France sacrificed.

England, like France and like Germany, has lost men; but England and Germany have kept their soil intact, their factories and their machinery intact. They are ready for intensive production, for exportation to establish their national finances, for the conquest of world markets, while France, bled white, remains with ten departments devastated. France has been the field of battle where all the nations have settled their quarrel, and her factories, her workshops, her machines, her mines have been destroyed by the Allied armies as well as by the enemy armies. If the Allies were just they would contribute, like Germany, to the reconstruction of our provinces; they would be fulfilling only the minimum of their duty in forcing Germany to pay promptly.

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All the energy and all the resources of France being occupied in the restoration of her fields and her industries in the region which represents a fifth part of her (national) wealth, she finds herself hampered in the economic struggle.

And everywhere her interests are in conflict with the political interests, the economic interests, and the financial interests of England. Antagonism is inevitable, inasmuch as England produces and seeks to sell that which France can produce and endeavors to sell. French exporters have not forgotten the implacable boycott which the English shipowners waged against French merchandise during the war in the ports served exclusively by English lines. While English goods were dispatched without delay to overseas markets, French goods waited, by thousands of tons, four, five, or six months. Is it thus that one observes an entente?

The English boast of practising fair play, a struggle on honest and equal terms; let them help our country to equality in the competition. There is no fair play for France if she is not, before everything and at all costs, restored to her pre-war financial position, as are England and Germany.

The article in *Figaro*, which has provoked this debate, suggests a new orientation of French policy, and our suggestions are being as much discussed as our grievances. They even attribute to us ideas which have never entered our heads; newspapers notoriously under English influence — those which have never ceased to exert themselves against France — imagine that we incline toward a German alliance. We repudiate the insinuation, as we have repudiated others of the same kind.

A Franco-German alliance is certainly not the solution we recommend, but it is certainly the solution which our Allies of yesterday most dread. They dread it so intensely that they have left no stone unturned to prevent France from settling her affairs directly with Germany. Germany has the greatest interest in coming to an understanding with her principal creditor. If she has not done it, it is because she has found support elsewhere. The degree of resistance of Germany has been constantly regulated by the attitude of the British Government. This manœuvre has been going on for four years; it cannot last forever.

We have said that, in order to meet the combinations of English traders and financiers, it is necessary to preserve intact the soil of Germany and to husband her finances. But, while France exhausts herself in vain discussion with the Government of Great Britain, the German capitalists find shelter in the banks of neutral countries; they thus escape from our control, they have built up vast reserves, on which Germany can draw at her will, to pay for raw materials with which Great Britain is ready to furnish her. Thus Germany, who could have paid us two or three years ago, is given the appearance of not being able to pay. England is the cause. She has widened and deepened the ditch which she has feared to see us leap across.

We have never had the presumption to recommend an alliance with this or that country. Our only object is to enlighten the nation, on whose behalf candidates are always demanding full information from the Government, but from whom all Governments in office conceal the essential aspects of the truth.

We shall draw soon a picture of the actual situation of France, and we shall do it with the utmost precision and exactitude. We shall then proceed to a similar examination of the great European States, whose economic and political situation accords best with our own. And it is France who will say which countries have her preference.

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SOCIALISM AND SCIENCE

BY H. G. WELLS

[*A speech delivered by Mr. Wells at a dinner given in his honor by the members of the University of London Club on March 21.*]

From the *Labour Magazine, April*
(London Radical International Labor Review)

When I first heard of this proposal to give me a complimentary dinner — a proposal which, proceeding from this club, had all the force of a command — I was exercised as to what there was to be complimentary about. Did it turn upon that little affair at the last General Election, when I escaped the mediocrity of the other Socialist candidate — who called himself a Liberal — by coming out bottom of the poll? That seemed slightly ironical, and then I found a better reason for congratulation in that I have recently been elected a member of the University of London Club. After all, one must have dinners. I was reminded of the old song: —

> Let the toast pass;
> Drink to the lass,
> I warrant she'll prove an excuse
> for a glass,

and in any case I see that I have proved an excuse for a very pleasant and interesting gathering.

I learned from the form of the invitation that I had promised to speak 'on some aspect of the political situation,' and since I don't want to have a dispute with Major Church about this alleged promise I will do my best. I was casting about for a suitable aspect when this Snowden-Mond debate in the House of Commons cropped up, and seemed to me to be the very peg I needed on which to hang the reason why I asked and why I am going to ask again the teachers, the scientific workers, the medical, legal, and other professional men in this University to distinguish themselves by returning a Labor Member to Parliament.

I must confess that the sort of discussion that has hovered over the House of Commons between abstract Socialism and individualism seems to me in its absolute form very empty. I suppose that in theory all of us are Communists; we all repudiate selfishness; we all say, in theory, 'Each for all and all for each,' and justify almost every political attitude we take up by an appeal to the greatest common benefit. And I suppose also that in theory we are all extreme individualists; we all believe that we do our best work when we are free to choose the work we want to do, and free to do it each in the way we think best. We all believe that of our own work, and some of us believe it of the work of others. The aim of social organization is the maximum of economy and the minimum of controlled action: I suppose we should all be able to join hands upon that proposition.

You see that Socialism carried even to the extreme degree of Communism and individualism in its extreme are not necessarily antagonistic. It is an unsound issue. And if you will follow the House of Commons debate, you will detect all the phases of all the distortions of argument that are produced by an unsound issue. You will find the

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anti-Socialist pretending quite unjustifiably that Socialism is a scheme to increase restriction and cripple initiative in human combination, and you will find Socialists decrying capitalism as a conspiracy of robbers aiming at the creation and retention of a preserve of poor people from whom wealth for a few can be extracted.

But we of the University of London Club live at a level of critical understanding above that sort of thing — our level is a little above Parliament and the Press. We know that the argument that circles about the words 'Socialism' and 'Capitalism' is not one of opposites at all, but an argument of more or less. In nearly every one of its practical applications it is a question of expediency and practical efficiency.

The real questions we have to discuss, I submit, are these: 'Having regard to the intelligence and moral quality of our community at the present time, how much of the wealth of the world should be subject to private ownership and administration, and how much should be under some form or other of collective ownership and administration?' Or, in other words, 'What functions and services are best left to men under the incentive of profit, and what are best left to men who are paid salaries and have such incentives as honor and artistic and professional pride?'

We are living in a mixed system today. Our system is partly a Socialistic system. Even now we are not living under a pure 'profit' system. Almost all the fundamental, vital work of the world is done by people who are not working for profit. A great deal of confusion in the discussion arises out of the careless use of the word 'capitalism' and the careless use of the phrase 'capitalist system,' as though it was the blank opposite to Socialism.

Even Socialism is also a capitalist system. Every community that rises above mere savagery must be capitalistic. Civilization, social order, — even a barbaric social order, — cannot exist without capital — that is to say, accumulated apparatus, tools, roads, machinery, and, above all, *knowledge*. No community can get on without them. A community can no more exist without capital than it can exist without land.

But with capital, just as with land, the real question is, who is to handle it? How is it to be administered? Is the free hand of the private owner necessarily the best control? Well, my answer to that is a prompt 'No.' I suggest that the answer to how far private ownership may extend varies enormously with the phase of development of the community and the available intelligence, critical capacity, power of coöperative action, public spirit, and morale.

Let me say a word about land and the community. Do you think there has ever been such a thing in the history of mankind as full, unrestricted ownership of land — freedom to do what you like with it? No community has ever pressed private ownership to that extent. You may see in the history of the European community, far back in the past, traces of communal ownership by small groups. This is followed by peasant proprietorship with a common holding of grazing land, and by various types of feudal ownership.

In our country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there was a development of the estate system, and from the point of view of efficiency it was not bad for the time. The estate system involved the enclosure of common land, but led to more productive cultivation, and it marked the climax of private ownership in land. It has never been a perfect system; it never

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allowed for the incompetent landlord or for the landlord who did not allow his estate to be productively farmed; it never provided for the landowner in the neighborhood of a town who was holding out for a price; but it was far more productive and in many ways better than what went before.

But at its climax the ownership in the estate system was limited. I want you to note that. During the war the private owner had to plough up his pasture whether he liked it or not. There is no principle involved, therefore, when the Labor Party talks about further restrictions upon the ownership of land, and points toward a further phase of the estate system, in which you may have the whole country working for agricultural production under the light of efficient scientific research, and with arrangements for the collective buying of necessary tools and materials and the distribution of the produce, such as our present fragmentary private ownership does not allow.

These are not the extravagant ideas on the 'left.' They are common property among intelligent people. Lord Bledisloe, who has not yet found his way to the Labor Party, will endorse our criticisms of the wastefulness of our present system.

If you consider the question of the exploitation of the wealth under the surface, the case of Socialism for increased limitation of ownership is equally strong. There has been a most careful examination of the exploitation by the private owner of the mineral resources, especially coal. The Labor Party points out as an established fact that under the present fragmentary ownership system there has been enormous waste and inefficiency in this matter, typically in the case of coal. The case in regard to minerals for a large-scale modern scientific production, instead of a fragmentary, chaotic production, the case for public ownership and working, is extraordinarily strong, and not based on any vague Socialistic principles but on the need for efficient and adequate production.

Then let us take transport. People like Sir Alfred Mond talk as if pure and unadulterated private ownership made the railways of the world. There never was such utter nonsense. If there had been full private ownership of land there would never have been a railway. Every railway rests on a basis of compulsory purchase. Every railway system is a State creation, made in defiance of many private individuals.

In regard to the development of the railways, private property figures as a hold-up, costly and difficult. The State always has interfered enormously in the control of the railways; no country has been so unwise as to leave them uncontrolled. It would be no new departure at all if, presently, the private ownership of the railway shareholder was pushed out of the management altogether and restricted to an — I hope terminable — annuity.

I don't apologize to-night for reminding you of these elementary facts. They lead up to this, that there is at the present time sufficient general intelligence and capacity in the country to replace private ownership in nearly all the common interests and services of the community. Private ownership, we declare, as we found in the case of land, minerals, and transport, is neither efficient nor does it make for the common good. The question is not one of fundamental principles, but a practical question about the best management possible.

The unhealthily rich men who own and control nearly all our industries pretend that private ownership gives the best possible management of collective concerns. We of the Labor Party know that it does nothing of the

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sort; that the progress of technical science, the advance of educational work, and the advance in general intelligence of the community render it possible for a modern community to get coal, to carry on transport, to conduct agriculture and many other general services of that sort, with highly paid managers under popular control on a far higher level of efficiency than is possible on a private-ownership basis working for private profit.

Sir Alfred Mond knows his own class and kind, and his impression is that men will only work for unlimited profits; but we, the members of this club, are people of a different type. We know better than that. We know something of the work of scientific investigators, artists, and men of letters, of the work of teachers and medical men, and we know that none of these people work for profit or on the profiteering system, but for service — and the promotion that comes with good service; and we know that the work they do is infinitely better and more devoted than the work that men do for the profit-making motive.

Has anything grown in the last hundred years like science, or given such wonderful gifts to men? How much of the wealth of Messrs. Brunner Mond and Company is the creation of Brunner Mond and Company, and how much the creation of scientific workers making money for the interest and pride of their world? If profit ceased altogether from the world and the financial magnates of to-day had to trade in counters and marbles to exercise their gifts, would the world suffer very greatly? Might it not even gain?

We of the Labor Party, as a party, believe in science and in the scientific motive as a motive altogether superior to profit-seeking. We believe in the salaried man, who chooses his work for the sake of his work. We believe in teachers; we believe in the spirit of creative science in the minds and hearts of men. We do not believe in the profiteer and his distinctive outlook.

So far from believing that these rich men who so clumsily and wastefully dominate our world create industries, we believe that they have jumped on to them — in many cases to their great injury. These private capitalists are in many cases an excrescence — a vitality-consuming excrescence — on the body politic. They have been able to do what they have done because of the exaggerated reverence for private ownership that still pervades our world.

There you have, as compactly as I can put it, the quintessence of the great debate that is going on between Socialism and Capitalism in the House of Commons, and there you have the reason why the Labor Party woos the University constituencies so sedulously — in spite of much discouragement. It recognizes the supreme need of scientific knowledge and the necessary leadership of professionally trained men: it recognizes the need of an educated community led by its teachers. It sees in such men the aristocracy of the new world.

It was in that spirit that I came to the University of London at the last election. It was with incredulous astonishment that I saw it return a representative of the most unprogressive party in the State, the party of class and wealth and privilege, and the party of starved and restricted education. I believe that it did so under considerable misapprehension, and that it has still to realize its true interest in this matter.

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THE UNITY OF LABOR

From the *Manchester Guardian, April* 3
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

KARL MARX'S famous call, 'Workers of the world, unite!' was not, as recent events might lead one to suppose, an intentional sarcasm. And the Communists who have adopted it are the last people in the world whom one can imagine uniting with anybody whose vision of the future differed by a hair's-breadth from their own.

What is this solidarity of labor? Where shall we find it? What, if it exists, will it do? Both in big and in little the workers of the world seem to have as little coherence as any large collection of average men might be expected to have. In this country the Independent Labor Party is supposed to stand for a definite, logical, and clearly worked-out brand of Socialism. It is not a very large party, and for that reason might be supposed to be the better disciplined. But even the I.L.P., if one may judge from its proceedings yesterday, suffers from some pretty acute internal dissensions.

The cause of the somewhat acrimonious debate was, apparently, this very lack of unity in the higher reaches of the Socialist hierarchy, and, as usual, some of the rank and file expressed their unconcern should the cause of unity demand the retirement of their present leaders. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald held his own by a comfortable majority, but the malcontents numbered a sixth of those voting.

What exactly the minority would accomplish, besides the dethronement of Mr. Macdonald, is not clear. One gathers, in a general way, that he is not 'red' enough; but he is not wanted even by the extremists of the I.L.P. to go completely red — only a deeper shade of pink. In fact there seemed to be an impression that it was only necessary to find the right shade in the Socialistic spectrum for international unity to be achieved.

It does not seem likely. There are at the present moment, if one includes the International Federation of Working Women, six Labor internationals and at least three widely separated schools of Socialist thought. Never, probably, since the first Working Men's International Association was founded sixty years ago has the world of labor been more deeply divided than it is to-day.

Before the war there were many who looked to the international labor movement as the surest guaranty of the world's peace. That dream was rudely shattered. But it remains as true as ever it was that if the workers agree not to fight there can be no fighting as wars are understood nowadays. And it is also true that since the war ended strenuous efforts have been made to heal the breach in the 'united front' which was made in 1914.

But perhaps there has been a shifting of motives, and unity is sought now more exclusively as a weapon against capitalism and the existing economic order than against war. And it is natural that the Communists, who believe in revolution, — that is, civil war, — should look upon war in general a trifle more tolerantly than Socialists who have the wit to see that of all kinds of war civil war is the most horrible, the most costly, and the most ruinous to the working classes.

At all events the vision of working-class solidarity, though confused, has

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not been lost. But so long as the deep division lasts between the Communists who would abolish private property by violence, and the Socialists who would achieve precisely the same end peaceably and democratically, international labor is not to be counted as a serious force for the preservation of peace. Economic rivalries will make short work of any agreement not to be involved in future war. And the economic rivalries seem to be growing fiercer.

There has always been disagreement between the reformists and revolutionaries, and though it is a difference of tactics, not of principle, it goes deep into human nature. All efforts to bridge it have made the gulf look more impassable. The so-called 'Two-and-a-half International' was formed at Vienna in 1921 chiefly for the very purpose of reuniting Socialists who had not already committed themselves to the Third International of Moscow or the respectable Second International, of which the British Labor Party is the mainstay.

But the Vienna Union succeeded only in adding to the confusion by making a sort of halfway house between the two irreconcilables. It was joined by the I.L.P. and Socialist bodies abroad who found Moscow too red and the Second International too slow. As the Vienna Union offered no solid foothold in principle, and as it palpably failed in tactics, it seems now to be dissolving into its constituent parts, and will be mostly absorbed by the Second International, which has already far the best claim to represent the working classes of Europe. But the decay of the Vienna Union, though it will simplify and reduce the number of international labor organizations, also shows that there can be no peace or understanding between workers who are Communists and revolutionaries and those who are not.

But, after all, is it reasonable to expect unity among the workers of the world? Why should workers, if by that is meant manual workers, be more capable of unity than brain workers, artists, churchmen, footballers, or politicians?

What, exactly, has a Norfolk laborer, now on strike, in common with a Russian peasant who has survived one famine and is apprehensive of the next? They both have their grievances against man and nature, but are they the same grievances? Is it even remotely conceivable that the same remedies are applicable to both or that they will feel acutely sensible of their working-class solidarity?

What, again, is the bond of union between the workmen now lying in the mortuary at Krupp's and the French conscripts who shot them? To Marx, who, like most economists of his day, believed that man was governed almost wholly by his economic impulses, it may have seemed natural to suppose that all those who received wages were so many identical cogs in the industrial machine and that their feelings toward the machine which used them so remorselessly must also be identical. And by the modern disciples of Marx the Communist case is still presented in some such inhuman and unscientific way.

But they are wrong. Communism is founded on a simplification of human nature which has almost no relation to facts. To non-Socialists that seems the sufficient reason why as an economic theory it does not work. But it is probably also the reason why as a means of cementing the ties of human brotherhood it is found a no less lamentable failure.

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SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

A MEMORY OF 1848

BY ZUBERKLOSS

From *Das Demokratische Deutschland, March* 17
(HAMBURG DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY)

MUNICH led Berlin by a nose. On the Isar, Kurt Eisner proclaimed the Republic on November 8, 1918; on the Spree, Philipp Scheidemann did the same, but not until the ninth. In the 'mad year,' 1848, there were street riots in Munich as early as February and barricades in the first days of March, while in the capital of the Hohenzollerns everything happened a week or two later, somewhat in the same way and yet a little different. But here, just as in Munich, there were street fighting, assaults, right-about movements, ecstatic professions of loyalty to Germany's union and freedom, and so forth.

'Ha! How it flashed and roared and rolled!
Hurrah, hurrah! The Black and Red and Gold!'

sang Ferdinand Freiligrath.

In that storied year the twenty-fourth of February was a critical day of the first magnitude: absolutism, disguised in France as would-be constitutionalism, went to smash. Louis Philippe, vanquished, meekly promised everything that was asked of him, but was answered only by the fateful echo, 'Too late!' So he abdicated and took ship for England, where he lived under the name of Count de Neuilly until he died in 1850.

The Paris February revolt frightened the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance blue. For 'the breath of God once more cleansed the rotten world as by fire!' For a generation and longer every liberal manifestation had been crushed, every German yearning for union branded as revolution. But now thrones tottered, and their defenders quite lost their heads.

So it was in Germany everywhere — except in Munich; for Munich was always in the lead. There the revolution was started on the twenty-fourth of February — or at any rate a baby revolution. Ludwig I of Bavaria, the 'Teuton' as he was fond of calling himself, had flirted a bit with liberalism; then threw himself into the arms of clericalism. He honored the burgomaster of Würzburg, Behr, with his friendship, and then, on account of the famous 'fête of Hambach,' compelled him to do penance before the royal portrait, and locked him up for twelve years in the fortress of Passau.

Nevertheless, Ludwig was no heartless tyrant. On the contrary, he had a soft heart, as soft as butter, which was particularly susceptible to fascinating femininity. Always an admirer of the sex, he had collected a 'Gallery of Beauty' (still to be seen in Munich), consisting of portraits of handsome women, although he was a happy paterfamilias, already in his sixties. But when Aphrodite smiles even royal heads are turned, and Lola Montez, the Spanish dancer, was a lovely creature, young, graceful, witty, educated; she was innocence and tempta-

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tion in one person, and she came, saw, and conquered the King — an artist soul, who dreamed of building a new Athens on the Isar, as well as a King whose ambition was to be Emperor, as three Wittelsbachs had been before him.

And doubtless everything would have gone the usual way without anybody being hurt (see Mesdames Maintenon, Pompadour, Dubarry, and others) if only politics had n't interfered and spoiled the picture.

The Cabinet of Herr Abel happened to be very piously inclined. It had gone so far as to direct that Protestant soldiers should take part in Catholic services kneeling; it had neglected the schools, made the censorship more severe, ignored the budget, placed the concordat with Rome above the State; on account of all of which there arose a good deal of uneasiness and liberal opposition. Also in regard to the rule of the pretty dancer. And the government bigwigs disliked her too, for she took no trouble to further their interests, but made her abject slave, His Majesty, do whatever came into her frivolous head. In vain the monarch's confessor appealed to the royal conscience. Ludwig replied coldly: 'You stick to your stola and I'll stick to my Lola!'

In vain his Prussian brother-in-law remonstrated with him, and Heine mocked: —

> Hohenzollern brother-in-law,
> Hold your envious royal jaw!
> Surely all you really want is
> Wittelsbacher's Lola Montez!

In vain the chief of police, Pechmann, threw himself into the fight against the powerful favorite with stacks of documents, proving that she was not an Andalusian at all, but the natural child of a Scot named Gilbert and the wife of a Lieutenant James, whom she ran away from, after metamorphosing herself into Lola, or Dolores, Montez, to become the mistress of a certain Poincaré, whom she nagged to death. After that she chose a Russian count, and then a French marquis, and finally became the wife of a certain Dujaroz. She had been banished from St. Petersburg and Berlin as well, being given good pay to go and live somewhere else.

But she laughed at Pechmann's charges, and remained in the Royal Palace. Pechmann not only lost his position, but Lola demanded satisfaction. She would be naturalized and made a countess in her own right. And it was so.

'For this is our good pleasure — *car tel est notre bon plaisir*,' as the *Roi Soleil* yonder in France was accustomed to say. All this occurred before the twenty-fourth of February.

But the question of naturalization had to go before the Council of State, and that body had the backbone to say 'No!' The Ministry had to countersign, and the members and the nobility begged the King 'with broken hearts' not to insist. In reply he gave them twenty-four hours to comply with his wishes, spent the time himself in writing a sonnet, and then announced the dismissal of the Ministry. With shouts of joy and acclaim, the members of the aristocratic student corps 'Alemannia,' Lola's chosen bodyguard, paraded under her windows, and the new Ministry, called the 'dawn cabinet,' had hardly taken office when Lola was proclaimed Countess von Landsfeld, with a brand new coat-of-arms of the King's own designing. And Ludwig sang one pæan after the other in his favorite's honor, built her a château, presented her with caskets of jewels, and had her portrait painted for his 'Gallery of Beauty.'

The Archbishop of Munich protested to the King; old Görres let himself

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go about Babylon, and even the press got nasty, although the papers were strictly forbidden to make any mention whatever of the Countess. Rival student organizations of the Alemannia went to fisticuffs with the latter, whom they declared incapable of satisfaction with honorable weapons, and the matter ended in a scandalous scene in which the chief of Lola's bodyguard, Count Hirschberg, ran amuck among his enemies with a dagger.

And there was more breaking of the peace when the tax on beer was raised on account of the King's extravagance. Then certain professors, relying on their old privilege of academic freedom, expressed themselves very severely, with the result that they were dropped and the whole university closed. That was the drop that made the cup run over.

Street parades. 'Down with Lola!' Students' meetings in front of the closed university. Cuirassiers keeping the crowds moving. The academic sons of the Muses demanded of the authorities the disbanding of the Alemannia. The answer appeared on the announcement board, to the effect that the university would remain closed until October, and that every student who was not a resident of Munich must leave the city within three days. A great procession of indignant students raised its voice in 'Gaudeamus Igitur,' as it solemnly marched by the residence of the Minister of Education, to be followed, as it gathered in front of the house of the university rector, old 'Father Thiersch,' by the strains of 'The God who made the iron grow!'

Well, whither now? To the Palace of the Countess Landsfeld? Forward!

But gendarmes rush upon the scene and charge the crowd of students and citizens with lowered bayonets, their captain at the head. In the Rathaus two thousand citizens gather — out in front ten thousand, shoulder to shoulder. Vociferous, passionate demands. The captain of gendarmes must be cashiered — the Landsfeld woman chased out of town — the university reopened. The city magistrates lay these demands before the King, who graciously permits the university to open in time for the summer term — nothing more.

But that is not enough, and yelling mobs again crowd the streets of the capital. 'Down with Lola!' The storm grows into a hurricane before which the 'Lola Ministry' is blown to the winds.

Berks, her own creature, was the first rat to abandon the sinking ship, and the end of it all was that, on the eleventh of February, Ludwig took a sorrowful leave of his queen of hearts, reopened the university, restored the dismissed professors, recalled the unfortunate Pechmann, and decreed the dissolution of the Alemannia. And Lola herself fled along byways to take refuge in the royal shooting-box of Blutenburg.

On February 19, 1848, Justinus Kerner, the queer poet and still queerer physician, wrote from Weinsberg to Emma Niendorf: —

'Lola Montez arrived here yesterday, and I am keeping her here in my tower until I get further instructions from Munich. Three Alemannia students are keeping watch over her. It is very annoying that the King has singled me out as her keeper, but he was told that Lola was demented and that he ought to send her to Weinsberg, to have the devil driven out of her. Anyhow, it will be an interesting case. Before I try to treat her magnetically, I am going to subject her to a severe hunger cure.'

Soon afterward he wrote to Sophie Schwab that Lola was with him. 'She is extraordinarily emaciated. Theobald

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is magnetizing her, and I make her drink asses' milk. I have Metternich in my tower now. . . . He declares that only the desire to see Germany become a republic, which he has always fostered, was the reason for his illiberal system of government; only by that means could Germany be brought to rise in such a wonderful and powerful manner. That was his work, which he carried through in that way intentionally and logically. He left me no peace until I put up a red flag on my tower.'

What's that? Lola and Metternich too? Which Metternich? In solemn fact the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Clemens Metternich, no less. For the twenty-fourth of February was over, France was a republic, the Diet of the Confederation had been suddenly converted to German unity, and the proposal of Prussia carried at Frankfort, to make the ancient German Imperial Eagle the arms of the Confederation and black-red-gold the national colors. And, of a truth, the long-despised standard actually waved over the Taxis Palace, in which the Diet sat. 'What a change by the dispensation of the Almighty!'

In Vienna the revolution of March 13 swept away Metternich, the grand master of monarchical absolutism by the grace of the police. He became a republican and placed himself under the protection of the red flag. O irony of mundane history!

But Munich was in first place, ahead of Vienna in the race, for in the Athens on the Isar everything was over by March 6. The excitement did not disappear with Lola, however. The people insisted upon thorough reforms, and a majority of the nobility, with Count Arco-Valley at its head, joined in the demand. The hysterical mob demolished the residences of the 'Lola Ministry.' The King issued a call for an assembly of the Estates on the thirty-first of May, in order 'to give a sympathetic hearing to the constitutional wishes of the people.' The reactionary Prince Wrede wanted to bring the 'rebels' to their senses with cartridges. But barricades sprang up out of the earth, Minister von Berks was sent into the desert, and the assembly of the people's representatives was set for the thirty-first of March instead of May.

Then cannon were emplaced in front of the Royal Palace. The people's answer was the storming of the arsenal. After that everything went on along the line into which the Government was forced. There followed the consent to the election reforms, freedom of the press, ministerial responsibility, the army's oath of allegiance to the constitution, and general hurrahing for 'Teutonic unity.' 'Bavaria's King is proud to be a Teuton Prince. . . . All for my people! All for Germany!'

That was on March 6, and at the same time the new Ministry demanded of the Imperial Diet a change in the constitution, to the effect that 'the interests of Germany as a whole outweigh the interests of any component State.'

In Berlin we had not got so far along, although the black-red-gold had already been adopted. The barricades did not appear until March 18, the granting of the people's petition, and — fancy! — smoking in the Tiergarten, on the nineteenth, while the King's famous horseback-ride came on the twenty-first.

'To-day I have adopted the ancient German colors, and have placed myself and my people under the venerable standard of the German Empire!'

About as it was in Munich, and yet somewhat different. For Ludwig did not care to rule without Lola. On March 20 he followed Louis Philippe's example and abdicated. He lived until 1868, most of the time in his Villa

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Malta at Rome, later the property of Prince Bülow.

On the other hand, Frederick William of Prussia remained at the helm, tried to render futile what he had promised, and died insane. For him the revolution of 1848 was simply the work of Poles, Frenchmen, and Jews.

How Ludwig I looked upon it his verses show: —

Forlorn and sad I wander,
My dreary fate I sing,
No kinder heart nor fonder
Could beat than of your King.
The proud and selfish nobles
Befouled for me my throne,
Betrayed you too, while feeling
For both but scorn alone.
The courtier, body-bending,
The priest, fair love pretending —
They stole from me my crown!

So it was not possible to place the responsibility for the revolution on foreign shoulders. Nor was it necessary, when a Kurt Eisner was afterward murdered by another Count Arco-Valley, to falsify him into a Galician Solomon Kosmanowsky. It was all good German fruit, but picked a little too soon. For Berlin came limping behind. Munich was the length of a nose ahead.

And it is the same to-day — only in the way of reaction.

NO ABDICATION IN SPAIN

BY LOUIS ARAQUISTAIN

[*Señor Araquistain has been for years a recognized figure in Spanish literature. Recently he has achieved success as a dramatist and his last play,* Remedios heroicos, *has just been clamorously welcomed in a Madrid theatre.*]

From *España, March* 10
(Madrid Independent Liberal-Conservative Weekly)

Spaniards have just lived through some anxious days. The tidings — borne upon the amphibious wings of the press, wings that cleave the clouds as well as dive through the stormy billows of life — that the King had abdicated, came like the blow of a sledge hammer, for the rumor was spread by a periodical known for its loyalty to existing institutions, and not by some sheet of discredited character. The sovereign was said to miss, on the part of his subjects, that sympathy which is indispensable to the existence of rulers, without which oxygen they languish as the lungs do without air. For this reason he planned to abandon us, for he felt himself losing his hold upon our affections.

If this was the case, it would seem wiser to have examined carefully the causes of dissatisfaction, and to eliminate them if they existed. In any case, reasonable or not, it was his will that paralyzed our own, throwing us into perplexity and despair.

Under these circumstances we seemed to foresee in our mind's eye a whole series of national misfortunes. Not only should we lose a good pilot, parting from us in bitterness, but the heavy helm of state would fall into the weak

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hands of a child, who must guide it between reefs and sandbanks, exposed to the hostile winds of revolution, factional dangers, the cliffs of unions and nonunions, and the sirens of bossism. It would indeed be a dangerous voyage.

Our present pilot has certainly kept good watch, ready for the slightest movement of the compass, any indication of political mischief, ever ready to sacrifice his own ideas upon the altar of the common weal, the supreme policy of the state, and the destiny of the fatherland. Take it all in all, it would be a difficult journey under different guidance, and not even the greatest expert could guarantee, to use a commercial expression, the dividends of so risky an enterprise. All good patriots can easily visualize the shipwreck that would threaten the country.

In treating of this sincere anxiety felt by all true Spaniards, one would not be telling the whole truth without mentioning, as a kind of counterbalance to sensationalism, the fact that there has been a certain suspicion that the rumor of the abdication was simply a manœuvre to stimulate the dynastic sympathies of the people, or at least to put them to the proof. It is a well-known phenomenon that the masses are prone to a disposition to compassion, mourning, and other emotional demonstrations, becoming violent partisans of some personage whom they regard as illtreated, only to turn upon him fickly to-morrow. It would therefore not be a matter for surprise if certain subtle elements among us, familiar with these psychological reactions of the masses, did not shrink from recourse to them in order to regain the approval of the public. Possibly the spreaders of the abdication report hoped that the whole nation would rise as one man and fervidly petition the King to retain the crown upon his own head and not pass it to another.

If this was the case, the calculation was a futile one, for nobody has said a single word of mourning or made a supplicating gesture, proving either that the country is quite indifferent to the question of abdication, or that it lacks confidence in the champions of the Crown. In any case, the prestige of the Crown has undoubtedly suffered considerably by the incident.

As a matter of fact, it may be said en passant that the Crown of Spain is rather unfortunate in its partisans and incense-bearers. Here is an illuminating example. Two representatives of the Spanish aristocracy, the well-known Marquis de Comillas and Count de Güell, offered to build a royal palace in the city of Barcelona. But from promise to realization is a long step. These gentlemen provided the idea — an excellent one, as may be seen — but the money was to be collected from those patriotic Spanish emigrants in America who are the natural prey of so many schemers and speculators on this side of the Atlantic, who count on the sentimental devotion of the emigrant to help them keep sharp the swords of our picturesque chivalry.

The titled gentlemen mentioned actually dispatched a representative to Buenos Aires with the patriotic mission of collecting some thousand pesetas, to replace what they had been obliged to disburse; for monarchical fervor is one thing and its financing quite another. On the contrary, one may be very dynastic and very aristocratic without caring to risk one's fortune in maintaining this noble attitude; while one may be also very plebeian and republican, like many of these Spanish emigrants, and yet contribute to the building of a royal residence, because it is not necessary to

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invite a confusion of ideas on the subject of what form of government is best for the country, no doubt symbolized in this case by the royal-palace project.

This was doubtless the line of thought of the Marquis and the Count, but it was certainly not that of the Spanish colony in Buenos Aires, which turned its back on the emissary of the nobility and his idea of making a gift with other people's money. The overseas Spaniards very naturally believed that if anybody desired to prove his loyalty to the Crown he should do this at his own cost, as every neighbor's son is wont to do when he wants to show his attachment and his generosity.

The result is that we see the King in danger of having to disavow the Marquis and the Count, as well as their transatlantic representative, and incidentally renounce the plan of a royal palace in an inhospitable city boiling with discontent. Barcelona is not Madrid, and, by its own testimony, can never be a suitable home for royalty.

In the meantime the King has contented himself with denying that he entertained any intention of abdicating, as had been announced by the newspaper. We breathe more easily, and are happy to learn from this authoritative source that the crown of Spain does not appear to be one of those loosely attached crowns like those of Germany, Austria, and Greece, and formerly Portugal, which, at the least jostling of political disturbance, wabbled on the heads of their august bearers and fell to earth among the feet of the mob, in the monarchs' wild dash for safety. What — after losing their crowns, risk the loss of their heads as well? Never!

Once more let us breathe easily. Our institutions are secure. The pilot will not abandon the helm to inexpert and unsteady hands. The vessel will not run aground. The special services of the great delayer of revolution will not be needed, though he stands ready to expose himself heroically to every danger to save the fatherland from shipwreck.

Let us proceed to a general election and elect half the legislature from among the sons, brothers, and other relatives of the office-holding class, and the other half from the ranks of the new rich. We will forget the politicians and the military, but avoid becoming unpopular with administrative circles. Let us proceed to the pacification of Morocco as modestly and decently as may be, and not with our haughty noses in the air. Then we can look for a pretext to start a war with Catalonia or with Portugal, so that in fifteen or twenty years we shall be justified in opening a new moral campaign in favor of the 'responsibilities' that will be called for!

No abdication here!

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AN AFRICAN 1776

From the *Outlook, March* 31
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

In the sixth decade of the eighteenth century occurred a dispute between the British Government and some colonists in North America over comparatively insignificant taxation problems. Burke and a few men with vision realized that what was here involved was no trivial wrangle, but a matter of high principle. The Government and the country were unable to recognize the mighty issue at stake, and a revolution followed that brought into existence a gigantic World Power, and profoundly changed the course of the history of our planet, so far as we can judge, not merely for two or three centuries, but for thousands of years to come.

A similar apathy at home, lack of understanding because of lack of interest, surrounds the struggle for freedom of 10,000 white men in the heart of Africa. In 1760 most literate Englishmen vaguely knew where Massachusetts was, but in 1923 we doubt whether one quarter of our people, if led to a map of the globe, could within two minutes put a finger on Kenya. It may seem sensational and far-fetched to record the belief that this little-known Kenya question involves, for the future of our Empire, issues of policy more important than any that have confronted the peoples living under the Union Jack since the revolt in the Thirteen Colonies. Setting aside such struggles for our national existence as those with Napoleon and the Kaiser, we nevertheless believe that such may prove to be the case.

Kenya is the 'last white man's country' available for colonization by Englishmen, where a great and rich civilization, becoming in time a rival to that of the Mississippi Valley, can arise. Nature has showered on the East African Highlands her richest gifts. In Kenya great cotton-plantations may be developed that shall emancipate England from her present economically disastrous dependence upon the Southern States of America for this staple of our great Midlands industry. Fields of grain, rivaling those of the Western prairies, and the untapped resources of an inconceivably rich and gigantic region, are ours if we work for them; and here in Kenya, as in no other undeveloped dependency of the British Crown, the climate permits white men in their millions to lead healthy lives and to raise families. Before this will be altogether true, certain tropical diseases must be stamped out; but medical science has already conquered these elsewhere, and an expenditure of three or four million pounds would eradicate from the entire area suitable for settlement all those human plagues which now render Kenya less healthy than England.

Such is the vision of the future which those pioneers who have gone out into this promised land paint for us. But is Kenya to be a white man's country? There are four times as many Indians as white men in the colony to-day. Indian-Nationalists demand equality in all civic rights for the brown man against the white. So strong is the feeling aroused among Indians on this question that the Kenya problem has become of vital importance in our relations with India.

In a recent debate on the subject in the Indian Council of State, the claim was put forward by speaker after

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speaker that Kenya represents an outlet for the vast surplus population of the Peninsula, and that if England denies equal rights to the Indian settlers disastrous consequences may follow in India itself, owing to apprehended explosions of popular feeling. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that the British statesman upon whom responsibility for the peace of India depends should espouse the cause of Kenya Indians against the whites.

Lord Peel, Secretary of State for India, told a large meeting of Members of Parliament on Tuesday that there should be no differentiation in dealing with the emigration question as between native Indians and white citizens of the Dominions. He declared, as his predecessors have done, that the question of settlement in Kenya is no matter affecting merely local interests of the Colony, but has become an Imperial issue. This is, indeed, true. But it is an Imperial issue in a far broader sense than conceived by those politicians who ignore the possibilities of the development of East Africa by white men, in and for an Empire that is and must remain predominantly a white man's Empire.

At present two delegations from Kenya are on their way to argue their respective claims before the Colonial Office. Sir Robert Coryndon, Governor of the Colony, and a representative delegation of white settlers are coming to plead their cause, together with an Indian Committee representing the more numerous Indian inhabitants.

We have made some study of the position that exists in Kenya, and we have no hesitancy in stating that any attempt to conciliate Indian sentiments by making the Indians the overlords of the Colony will have incalculably disastrous effects. If the Government cannot look ahead and see the vision of the great future white man's Dominion, giving back to us what we lost through our own folly when we threw away America, let them consider more immediate and more narrow perils.

To give the Indians what they ask, exact legal and political equality, means turning over 10,000 white men, and several millions of the bravest and most warlike African natives, to the control of 40,000 Indians. The white men will not, they assure us, submit to their fate without a struggle. There is every reason to believe that this is true. No sturdy pioneers of our own stock would ever submit, excepting at the point of the bayonet, to control by a mob of brown men, mostly, at that, of the lower castes, or of no caste. One white Englishman in India is accustomed to govern a thousand natives; is there any reason to suppose that in East Africa that same white man would consent to be ruled by four Indians?

Let us think this thing out to the end. If the Government gives in to clamor from India, white Kenya will refuse to obey, and will, as it easily can, enforce its own terms upon the brown inhabitants of the country, as it has already dominated the vastly more numerous and more warlike blacks. Are we, then, prepared to send troops, white or Indian, to maintain a brown hegemony in East Africa?

The question answers itself. Kenya's white men have nothing to fear from the martial prowess of the Indians. But assuming the impossible, granting that 40,000 Indians are installed in control of the Colony, what would the hundreds of thousands of native black warriors do? They respect and fear the white man because the white man has met and defeated their ancestors in battle. They neither respect nor fear the brown man, because they know well enough, with the unerring intuition that savages and children possess, that

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were it not for the white man they could without the slightest difficulty cut the throats of every brown man in East Africa within three days.

On every ground — the highest and most statesmanlike forethought for future generations, as well as the thought which the politician takes for the morrow, but never for the week after next — the duty of the Government is clear. Whatever embarrassment may be caused in India, Kenya must remain a white man's country. Indian settlers should be assured equality before the law, should be given a voice in local affairs, but they should not be permitted to govern the white settlers.

It has never been the practice of men of our race, engaged in conquering virgin countries from nature, to oppress or maltreat the people of inferior races; and once their superior status is recognized, our white pioneers in East Africa — forerunners, we believe, of the millions of the future — will show themselves fair and just to their Indian as to their African fellow subjects. But let us choose the wrong turning in this matter, and we shall be defied by the men of Kenya as once before by the men of New England, and the result will be the same.

Let us not again leave the future generations the melancholy task of lamenting over the lack of vision possessed by their ancestors, when these drove to desperation and to separate action a handful of loyal Britons drawn from our best blood.

CASUAL IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN

BY G. HULDSCHINER

From the *Vossische Zeitung, March* 13
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

To describe Japan is more than a daring venture: it is as impossible as describing the rainbow to a blind man. Japan does not yield itself easily and the most profound Western scholar is not alone in finding that he does not know it to the bottom; and so I must confine myself to scattered sketches drawn at random, impressions of the moment, which are perhaps useful in enabling the German at home to form some acquaintance with one aspect or another of Japan.

When we Europeans see scattered Japanese here and there we get the impression that they all look alike, but this error speedily leaves the mind of the attentive observer and makes room for exactly the opposite idea. It is really possible to maintain that the differences among the types of Japanese faces are greater than among Western faces, and this can be readily explained. The enormous intellectual development that has gone on among these people in the last forty or fifty years necessarily left its trace on their faces, but it has not yet had time to stamp them all with a single mould. We find minds of every stage of culture, or better, of every stage of civilization, side by side.

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The chain runs from the coolie workman, who seems to have preserved the original Mongolian type, all the way to the merchant, on the arch of whose skull new complexes of ideas have been chiseled, and, still further, to the learned scholar whose occupation with the Western sciences has given his features a cast like that of a Western professor. This extensive series, whose individual members stand restlessly one by another, includes so many different types that compared with it the resemblance of the racial type occupies a secondary place. A process of evolution that ordinarily would have required several hundred years has here been completed in a couple of decades and these various stages stand close beside one another. It is almost as if the vertical process of historical change had been projected on a plane surface.

But not the heads alone, even the bodies have changed — clearly under the influence of what for the lower class of society constitutes a very much improved living condition. Germans long in Japan, some of whom migrated thirty years ago, tell stories of how small in stature the people were at that time; but to-day one runs across sturdy fellows whose stature is tall enough, although the average still is not very large. Occasional bits of evidence left over from that time also testify to the small stature of past decades — such as the old temples, on the tops of most of whose doors a tall European of my own stature is perpetually striking his head, or the abandonment of smaller measurements in the new Japanese house, and also occasional reminiscences of the short stature of the early Japanese that sometimes appear even in the most modern contrivances. Such, for example, is the modern omnibus-line running diagonally across the city of Tokyo, in whose cars not only Europeans but even most Japanese cannot stand upright. There are other similar bits of testimony, such as the tiny doors of the old Japanese railway-cars and the painful narrowness of the rickshas, if one is confined to them in traveling hither and thither in rainy weather.

The difference in stature — still more in facial expression — is naturally most marked in the men, less so in women and children. The Japanese ladies — who, be it said by the way, are very pretty in their silken garments — show a lack of expression in their charming but alas too liberally powdered faces, and as for Japanese children, I, at least, can hardly tell one from another. But Providence has discovered a means of remedying this. What could not be expressed in faces is expressed in clothes, which are so variegated and so rich in variety that not one resembles any of the others — especially among the women and the children, as is most fitting.

The men wear European clothes, with a strong preference for bright colors and white tropical clothing, or they wear dark-colored kimonos. Workmen and coolies go half naked, with swimming-trunks or even a loin cloth and an open jacket over the body, even this being occasionally dispensed with. The little flat straw hat, much like the one that Europeans wear, is a headdress for all classes of society and is worn indifferently with European dress, with kimonos, and with practically nothing at all. The ricksha coolies have great straw structures on their heads that look like gigantic inverted bowls. Even tropical helmets are coming more and more into fashion during the summer heat.

But the clothes of the women and the children! They have all remained true to the ancient ways and the real Japanese costume: the kimono and the obi, or artistically adjusted girdle, with a

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big bow in the rear and a wonderfully constructed high headdress. On their feet they wear white stockings, which have a little extra compartment for the great toe and which rarely come above the ankle. Wooden sandals on two high blocks of wood like stilts, provided with a strap for the foot, complete their footwear. When there is a great deal of dust or a great deal of mud — and either one or the other prevails in Tokyo — these stilt-like arrangements really have uses of their own, for they keep the foot from contact with the ground itself. But the pigeon-toed gait that they necessitate is ungraceful, and the regular click-clack of the wooden sandals with which the streets resound can almost drive one to distraction.

The eye finds compensation for the ear's distresses in the delightful variety of the garments — blue kimonos with red obis, yellow and lilac, green and gold, a single plain color, or garments adorned with geometrical designs or with figures of animals, birds, or butterflies on every kind of fabric. I shall have to restrain myself from listing all the kinds of color combination. All colors — it is a wonderfully lively picture. Even the children wear a charming variety of garments. Mothers of the poorer class carry their little ones in a kind of double sling on the back, where they hang with their arms out, incapable of any motion, only the smooth little heads with the little black eyes filled with curiosity turning hither and thither so that they look like butterflies.

Among the grown-ups, especially of the cultivated classes, there is an appallingly high percentage of spectacle-wearers. The task of learning their frightfully complicated system of writing, which requires several years in itself, wrecks the eyes — yet everyone in Japan wants to read and write. The little bookshops that are scattered in all directions over the city — you can find one in every other house — are always swarming with men turning the leaves of complicated volumes or poring over them. A customer is not asked his wishes at the door, but must make his wants known if he desires to buy anything. The book-dealer is more like a public librarian serving the general need than a merchant.

Illiterates are rare. Every ricksha coolie can read the astonishing scribble in which some Japanese friend has written his address and always brings you to the right house. But this general learning carries a general failure of eyesight with it. Just as German Odin gave his eyes in order to drink from the brook of wisdom, so here a whole people have offered their most important sense in their thirst for learning and knowledge.

Here, as everywhere, knowledge is power. The eager quest, never satisfied, for the new knowledge which the printed word makes available and which has brought about the inconceivably swift comprehension of a foreign civilization, reaches logically to political expansion and works like a driving force of steel that carries with it a quest for a place among the world powers, driving from within outward and burdened with consequences for the world. He who concerns himself with East Asiatic politics must reckon with this fundamental fact.

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THE BIG GIRL

BY VASILI IVANOVICH NEMIROVICH-DANCHENKO

[Vasili Ivanovich Nemirovich-Danchenko has been one of the most widely read Russian writers of the decades preceding the Revolution. His traveling sketches are written from practically all parts of the globe. The true story printed below could not have been published before the Revolution because it would have contained elements of lèse-majesté.]

From *Volia Rossii, February* 15
(Prague Socialist-Revolutionary Weekly)

What heat! We were rowing down the Kosva River, choked between mighty rocks so high that the pine forest on their tops looked like a stretch of embroidery. In places it seemed that these stone walls would draw together and crush our little boat into splinters. The horizon was cut off by the frequent turns of this winding river of the Urals. A wall right ahead of us — and only upon drawing quite near could we distinguish a narrow pass between the rocks, as if we were traveling from one lake to another. All the while we were being burned and baked by the rays of sun reflected from these walls.

Ever since we started out in the morning, there had been no dwellings, no people around. The river was deserted, too. Its clear waters were like fluid greenish glass over its rocky bed.

We leisurely followed the movements of the quick carnivorous pike and the schools of tiny silvery minnows running away from their enemy. Other fish lazily hung suspended in the transparent water — they were so fat it seemed they would burst.

One of the eddies we passed was just like the bottom of a kettle. Fire from above was burning through our clothes. Every little while we would jump into the water, dressed as we were, but would dry immediately under the pitiless sun and feel worse for that. All this in the northern part of the cold Perm region! I was reminded of the Red Sea. African hell that it was, this seemed worse.

Behind a turn appeared a small sandy promontory. Rocks had retreated to the background, and the pines — those cypresses of the North — came down to the water's edge. In this green frame the freshly skinned logs of a new dwelling gleamed like gold. The windows sparkled brightly. The iron roof glittered under the sun. Near the water stood a *baba*, a peasant woman in bright-red calico and a yellow-silk headkerchief.

She was waving to us and shouting so that the echo of the rocks carried her voice far away along the river. My boatmen were delighted.

'Vasili Vasilich!' they called out to her.

'How is that?' I said. 'Whom do you call? Is n't that a woman?'

'Is n't she! And what a woman! The Big Girl! Go and look for another one like her! Of course, her name is really Vasilisa, only we call her Vasili Vasilich, because there is n't a man that she could not curb into a horse-collar. A strict woman — if anything goes against her grain. You know Novoksheny, do you?'

'Yes.'

'Now that man is a real bear. He'll

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tear a young pine from the ground, roots and all, and cross himself — that's what he is like. She taught him his lesson. He started to approach her — this and that, and in every way — and did not care to know if she wanted him or not. Well, she fixed him so fine with an oar on his face that he lay in the hospital in Usolie for two months after that. She is like the conqueror Ermak around here. An eagle.'

'Married?'

'No, sir! No such thing as that. What should she marry for? They're all after her. Novoksheny, right out of the hospital, sent messengers with presents to her. Says he, "Let her at least be my wife — so I'll not have had that beating for nothing!" But she told them she loved anyone she wanted as long as she wanted and that was the end of it: "Go on, there are many roads in the world, room enough to pass each other. What do I need you for? There are as many men in the world as pikes in the Kosva River. Anyone will take such a woman as I am."

'She took his presents and drove the messengers away. A clever baba she is. Says: "I've worked enough up at the foundry. I've thought a good deal — and I see everyone is bound to abuse a woman. So I thought I'd rather abuse them myself, so they would n't have any power over me."

'The landlords have granted her lumber and iron for a new house. She has cows, and a pedigreed bull — a tiger of a bull! Three hired men work for her — she put up separate houses for them away from her own. And she does not squeeze all the profit out of them either, to leave them nothing — no, sir. "I've worked myself for the boss's pocket," she says. "I know how sweet that is. That's where I found out all the truth about our labor — at the boss's foundry," she says. Only they've got to be sober fellows, her hired men. She won't stand any drunken stuff around her.'

Our sharp-nosed boat cut into the sand.

'Welcome, my own ones. Guests in the name of the Lord. Only that one I never saw before!' — and she stared at me with her big round gray eyes in thick black eyelashes.

'From the foundry?' she asked.

'No — from Piter (Petrograd),' my boatmen answered for me.

She seemed disappointed.

'I thought he was from the foundry. Do you buy furs? I have furs. And, as if I knew someone was coming, I've baked good things, and my *ukha* (fish soup) is good enough for an archbishop to-day. Kvass from berries — cool, right from the cellar.'

It was cool in her guestroom. Of course there were geraniums and fuchsias on her window sills, and a bird in the cage. Red curtains through which the sunshine played red all over the room. Heavy, thick-legged furniture close to the log-walls. One would get bruised if one sat down incautiously.

But the bearskins! And what skins — good to adorn any drawing-room in the capital. The best of beasts covered her floors and walls with their silken coats.

'I've more of them,' she said. 'Ten or so. Have n't tanned them yet. Drying.'

'Where did you buy so many?'

'Whom should I buy them from in these places? I myself —'

'Yourself what?'

'Killed them.'

'What? All of these?'

'Why not? There are many around here in the fall. My gun's not a bad one.'

I looked — it was a Winchester of large calibre, for big game.

'A friend sent me this from Piter for

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a remembrance. A good fellow he was. Passed by — just like you now — and lost his head here a bit. Prince B——.'

Of course I knew him. Handsome as a picture, he used to drive our society ladies crazy. His father was one of the Decembrists, and the son also had friendships in foreign circles.

'He first came to hunt here. A bear got him down, but I was there and drove the beast off with a pitchfork. Saved his life. He sent me lots of things here, only I don't care. Wanted to come again; but I sent him word from town — no, and no. I've no use for him. Had our holiday together, and that's enough. You might want every week-day to be a Sunday! I do not care to keep it up long. First you are all as sweet as sugar, and afterward sour like old kvass — even a fly won't have it. Especially the kind that gets attached! Better go your way to the right, and I to the left. Enough room for everybody under the sun.'

'A frank person,' I thought. She seemed to guess my feelings and asked: 'Now what are you staring at me for? Never saw such a one before? I don't ask more of a man than I can expect. Love is over — so don't try to tell any lies. Words are like bad calico — fade with time. I live like a fisherman at the water's edge. All kinds of fish come into my net. You know I have been to Piter, too — only people are cheap there. The way they walked around me! They thought, "There's a village simpleton — just take her like a fish, clean up and fry!" Only I don't get scared. See them all through. Even my prince tried to flatter me over — fox! "Stay here, stay here" — but I have my brains. Here, in the wilderness, I am what I am; and over there I could not compare with their beauties.'

'How did you happen to go there?'

'The river office did not treat our peasants fair. Kosva peasants are n't very bright themselves — so they chose me to go and speak for them. I went to the Minister himself. Small fry of a fellow he was. Gooselegs — and gold teeth — and laughs all the time. He ought to be ashamed to laugh with his gold teeth. And you could skate on his head. "What a nature is yours!" he said to me; and I said: "Such as God ordained from the day he created the world. Nothing more. All are built alike — only this is the way we all grow up over there, eating fresh fish all the time." Only what was the use of talking with that little old fool? I went straight to the Tsar.'

'You were not afraid?'

'Why afraid? We are n't afraid even of the Lord Himself when we go to His church. So I saw Tsar Alexander — he was all right, big and fat. Just like our village bosses. Sure enough, they searched me well before they let me in. A good thing it was that my prince was officer of the day at the Palace that morning. Don't know what all he told those people about me, only they all came out to stare at me. Never saw a peasant woman from Kosva! Even the Tsaritsa ran out — small as a minnow. What did he find in her? A long nose, long tail, and nothing in the middle. He stood in the doorway — you 'd think nobody could have room enough to stand there next to him, but she peeped from under his elbow and chattered in her own way. I wondered much. A Tsar could choose the world over — and there he chose something! She was laughing and asked: "Why art thou so big?" But I said: "That, your Majesty, you had better ask of someone else. I did not make myself." She laughed at everything: ha-ha-ha and he-he-he, instead of trying to learn something from a stranger. I started to tell her about our peasant affairs, but all she said was "M-m-m," so that I saw she did not care a straw. And

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she laughed again. And as to the Tsar — '

'Well, what about him?'

'Did he stop to think from how far I had come? I had n't slept nights — thought over each word that I 'd say to him — thought how to tell him of our trouble. You may think I live well here — I do, too; but you just ask those from the village! I began to tell him about it, as I would tell my father. But he yawned, and all of a sudden he said: "Tell me — they say you go against a bear all by yourself?" And he did not give me a chance to tell him anything about the business! Afterward they took me to the police.'

'Why?'

'They asked me what the Tsar was talking with me about. I said, "Go and ask him!" Then their highest general began to stamp his feet at me — I thought he 'd burst right there. But what do I care about such a puppet when I was n't scared of the Tsar himself! I spat and went away. They wanted to send me home the way they do with vagabonds and criminals, only my prince saved me, God send him good health.'

She laughed heartily.

'And as to that general, that copple-crowned sparrow, that painted doll — I called him fool just the same. Later on, after he had spoken with the prince, he begged my pardon: "Forgive me, my beauty. It 's my duty to see that the peasants don't talk freely with the Emperor. That 's what we ministers are here for." It was then that I had my word. "I don't expect anything else of a bird like you," I said to him. "See how many toys you have pinned upon your breast. It won't be the like of you that will see the truth about the peasants. You don't have those thoughts. Our thoughts come from the soil and the river, from the sea and the clouds in the sky. We walk upon mother-earth; she is fed with our sweat and our care. And all you have comes from paper — that 's all you know and that 's nothing. Our language is the one God our Lord spake to Adam and Eve." '

'What did he say?'

'What could he say? You know, it is n't a simple matter to come to an understanding with plain people. Plain people are like these pines — try to uproot one! — they stand fast. You tell a plain man something from a book, and he will think something of his own about it. Books are many, and we don't know what each one is for. Plain people won't even listen to you. They 'll stand still and think, and if you ask them what they think about they 'll never tell.'

I looked upon my hostess. Indeed, the Lord had blessed her. The heroines of old folk-tales were of this kind and build. They are glorified in tales of robber bands with whom the warriors of Prince Vladimir, in the tenth century, had their hands full. Later on such female free warriors used to roam about the Urals and in Siberia, besieging and taxing occasional Tatar villages. They were the predecessors of Pugachov and Stenka Rasin upon the Volga. The frozen Murman Coast has seen many such mighty women go upon the sea in their boats. I knew one myself — a certain Seraphima who used to sail all the way between the Kola Peninsula and Novaya Zemlya. They told me later that she did not want to stand for the abuses perpetrated by Norwegian fishermen over the Russians upon the Russian coast, and declared regular war upon them. How she ended I do not know.

This part of the Perm district has seen many runaway convicts from Siberia. They go down the Kosva and Chusovaia rivers to the Kama and

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Volga. Long travel usually makes them as mild and harmless as could be desired. They live from alms, and the fishermen usually feed them, down to the very Kama; but beyond the Kama people are different. They are no longer forest fishermen. They are hard, pitiless, a product of a police Tsardom. Village sheriffs proved their loyalty by rough handling of all vagabonds. Now Commissar-government has taken the place of the old one, and things are much the same, and, as far as runaways are concerned, perhaps even worse.

Not all these fugitives were making their way peacefully, however. One such took it into his head to do away with 'Vasili Vasilich,' for he heard that she was wealthy.

'But then, what could he do to me?' she remarked casually.

'Beat him back, did you?' I asked.

'I 'm strict. I received him as a guest. Heated my bathhouse for him, and made a bed for him in the little room. You know, I used to receive political ones here, too. I never understood them, only I saw they were good people that took our needs to heart. I even used to help them get through to where they wanted to go: I have friends everywhere. However this one was a murderer and a thief. I never asked him a thing about what he had done before. Who is without sin? No use looking backward. But I caught him as he crept toward me with a knife — came in through the window. I tied him up; and then I thought, "What 's the use of his wandering in the world if he can't take care of himself?" He told me his life — a bitter life. Sorry I was for him. He was an orphan, indeed — wandering about all alone, without a soul in the world. He would be caught, sure as you live — hungry and cold as he was. "Have you father and mother?" I asked him. No, he did n't have them. "And a wife?" There was a wife, but since they sent him to Siberia she had been living with another man and living happily. Now he would come to disturb her life and to suffer himself. No use for the man in the whole wide world!'

She became thoughtful and her face brightened mildly.

'How much is there of that sadness in the world! No one cares about homeless people — as if they did not exist at all. I cried over him, and he cried, too.'

'Did you let him go then?'

'Why let him go? And where? There 's enough evil in the world without him.'

'What did you do to him then?'

'I fed him a good dinner. Gave him something to drink. Locked him in the closet so he would n't run away. I have reliable locks — English make. And the house is of logs — you know, logs that three men could n't clasp. In the morning I gave the poor boy milk and fresh bread — just baked. Then I took him to that knoll above the river where that large pine stands. I even gave him a glass of vodka — as a last thing, so he would feel more cheerful. And then I hanged him.'

I thought my ears deceived me and jumped from my seat. But she sat there, like a saint, with a clear look in her huge gray eyes.

'I was so sorry for the poor fellow. Where could he have gone? Water all around. I am a lonely woman. Should I take him to the police? We here are not used to dealing with authorities. Managing things by ourselves. And up there on the knoll — what could be better? You can see far around from there. Beauty.'

When leaving 'Vasili Vasilich' I asked how much I should pay her. She felt hurt.

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'A guest is like an angel of God — you know, the ones that came to see Abraham. To make a guest pay is the very last thing to do. You may, if you really want to be friendly, send me a newspaper from town. One that is simple. I love to read about those things that happen in the street.'

My rowboat scraped down the sandy bank. A few beats of the oars — and such a majestic stillness surrounded me that I thought I would choose a spot right there and live in it till my last day. As we passed a turn, a bright white cross gleamed on the knoll in the moonlight.

JOSEPH CONRAD AND LATIN AMERICA

BY G. JEAN-AUBRY

From *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine, April*
(PARIS AMERICAN-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

WHEN among Joseph Conrad's twenty volumes one finds three in succession with the scene of one in the Antilles and of the other two on the west coast of South America, there is a temptation to suspect the writer of some special purpose. It is natural to think that these works are the outcome of a visit, recent or long past, to these countries, and that the facts of the writer's life may readily explain the existence of this American phase in his work. Yet a study of Joseph Conrad's life shows that he has scarcely seen the American Continent, and that events more complex than those of a simple sojourn have led him to these powerful presentations so strikingly original and so true to life. Interest is increasing in this strange circumstance. Few though Conrad's American novels may be, in comparison with his numerous other works, one can find in them, if not all the abundance of his genius, at least its variety and its power.

It is long since the name and the work of Joseph Conrad passed beyond the lands where English is spoken. In Scandinavia, in France, in Germany, in Poland, in Holland, translations of his complete works are in progress. He is one of those rare modern writers whose merits are sufficiently vivid and deeply human enough to exercise their influence through all Europe, and there is no mind which, through the circumstances of its development or the sum of its convictions, represents with a firmer, simpler grasp the mind of the Occident.

Joseph Conrad's introduction to the career of letters has been so remarkable that it is a matter of no small importance to be acquainted with it. Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski, who is universally known to-day as Joseph Conrad, was born in Southern Poland on December 6, 1857, of a Polish family of ancient lineage. Scarcely had his family moved to Warsaw when his father, a man of high education and a devoted patriot, found himself entangled in the Polish revolt of 1862 against the Russian oppression, and after the failure of this insurrection he was banished to Vologda. His wife and son followed

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him into exile. The mother of the future writer died there soon afterward in 1865, and the little boy was entrusted to her brother in the Ukraine. In 1868 the Russian Government, having been informed that the health of the exile was in danger, granted him a passport to return. He established himself at Krakow, where his young son joined him. Within less than a year Joseph Conrad was an orphan.

Under the guardianship of an uncle and a young teacher who showed a keen and intelligent affection for him, the boy carried on his studies at Krakow. He was not yet thirteen when a taste began to develop in him which was at first regarded as a mere fancy due to his reading, an idea which no one thought was more than a whimsical boy's notion. This young Pole — born and brought up in a country without seacoasts, widely separated from any familiarity with the sea, belonging to a family that had never had anything to do with maritime affairs — announced to his relatives that he intended to be a sailor. Every influence was brought to bear to cure him of the idea, but before the firmness of an intention which took on the irresistible strength of a true vocation there was nothing to do but yield.

In 1874, after a trip to Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, where at Venice he saw the sea and a ship for the first time, Joseph Conrad went to Marseilles to embark as an apprentice seaman on board a sailing ship plying between Marseilles and the Antilles. Three years later he sailed through the Mediterranean and part of the Atlantic Ocean, in this way accustoming himself to the rough toil of the sea and adapting himself to its demands. Although the sea never lost a particle of its charm for him, he learned to struggle against it, and to hate it, while each day his love grew for ships and their crews because of their mutual faithfulness to each other in their constant struggle against the pitiless rigor of the elements.

For three years or more he was learning seamanship, sailing in French vessels. It was not until May, 1878, at the age of nearly twenty-one, that he touched the coast of England, at Lowestoft, for the first time, knowing scarcely a single word of the language. In the autumn of that same year he signed as a mariner on an English sailing vessel, making the voyage to Australia. A year later he had not merely acquired the necessary professional skill, but he had also mastered the English language so well that he could pass as second officer, and he secured his captain's certificate in the course of the year 1884.

From 1878 to 1894 he never ceased his voyages, especially to the Far East and through the Malayan Archipelago, constantly undergoing the rough demands of his calling and the responsibilities, often very heavy, of his rank. An expedition to the Congo, in which he took part in 1890, affected his health so seriously that in 1894 he was compelled to give up the sea as a career, a step which he thought at the time would be only temporary.

Traveling as he had, from youth to maturity, amid surroundings far different from those of his childhood, thrown into contact with various civilizations and contemplating their conflicts, opening his eyes each day upon spectacles of calm or magnificent grandeur, or of inevitable horror, many a strong impression had not failed to stamp itself upon his mind. Yet, never taking notes, and, though a great reader, thinking little of books, Captain Conrad had sailed for some twenty years without the least thought of creating literature. Then in 1889, struck by a singular personality he had run across in the course of his voyages,

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who had revealed to him a remarkable case of the disintegration of the Western mind in the Far East, he undertook — for his own amusement, expecting only to fill in the time that he had to pass idly ashore between two voyages — to transcribe the thoughts and images that this meeting and the distant land where it had taken place had produced in him. In his book, *A Personal Record*, he has told with a charming verve and irony peculiarly his own how he lugged this manuscript about with him from 1888 to 1894, devoting himself rather indifferently to its revision.

In 1894, when he was busy hunting for employment ashore, resigned with a very bad grace to the prospect of never going to sea again, he had the idea one evening of sending the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly* to the London publisher, Fisher Unwin. By good luck the work fell into the hands of Edward Garnett, then the young and penetrating reader of this publishing house. From the beginning he was struck by the peculiar quality of the work, by the talent that the writer showed, by an originality which was not merely of the surface, by an evocative capacity, a faculty of making the reader *see*, which bore testimony to a novelist by nature, a writer born, an artist already aware of the resources and demands of his art and his temperament. His surprise was still greater when a few days later he met the author of the book and found himself before a veteran sea captain of long experience, an author who was not an Englishman by birth and who had only recently been naturalized.

From that day, the second life of Joseph Conrad began. His second vocation had the same certainty, the same force, as the first, drawing from his sea career the material of his creative work, fixing sensations and yet submerging them to such a point that — as he himself has often said to me, recalling in familiar talks his memories of his life at sea — 'All that sometimes seems no more than a dream, as if somebody else had lived through it.'

From 1895, with the exception of some time spent in Brittany, in Montpellier, in Corsica, at Geneva, at Capri, and — at the moment when the war broke out — in Poland, Joseph Conrad settled down in Kent, leading an existence quite as sedentary as his previous life had been wandering, devoting himself passionately to the creation of a work which, to our good fortune, is still going on, and which stands to-day, not only as one of the most remarkable accomplishments in English literature, but also as a creation of universal significance, which in its power, richness, and penetration, its qualities of vision and of style, equals the work of a Flaubert or a Turguenev.

Since his first book, *Almayer's Folly*, Joseph Conrad has published no less than ten novels and about twenty short stories, bound in six volumes, two volumes of recollections, and two novels in collaboration with Ford Madox Hueffer.

With too much readiness, Joseph Conrad has been regarded, especially in England, as nothing more than a writer of sea stories. It is true that we owe to him that admirable collection called the *Mirror of the Sea*, a book which has no precedent in literature and in which the thoughts and feelings of the sailor are gathered together in a form which unites a sense of real lyric intensity with unfailing beauty. It is also true that we owe to Conrad's seafaring life and its literary reproduction some of his most admirable works: *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, that peculiar story of a voyage from Bombay to London — a poignant book, the most profoundly human that has ever been written on the life and the soul of the sailor, of

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which Robert d'Humières has given us an excellent French translation; *Typhoon*, the description of a tempest into which the writer has poured all the tragic and human simplicity of a very great poem; and *Youth*, pages in which he has recalled the thrill of a youthful heart, greedy for adventure, before the spectacles and treachery of the sea, and a first contact with the East. It is also to the memory of the sea and ships that we owe some of the finest passages in *Lord Jim*, *Victory*, and *Rescue* among the novels, and in 'The Brute,' 'The Secret Sharer,' and 'Il Conde' among the stories.

But that does not prevent some of the most powerful and moving of his novels, such as *Under Western Eyes*, from depicting a conflict of Russian minds with a setting which is now Russia, now Geneva; or *Hazard*, which is surely Conrad's triumph in the art of composition, from presenting extraordinarily striking pictures of the English middle class; or *The Secret Agent* from dealing with anarchistic circles in London; or such stories as 'An Advance Post of Progress' from recalling with vigorous reality the atmosphere of Central Africa; or *Romance*, *Nostromo*, and *Gaspar Ruiz*, which have almost nothing to do with the sea, from bringing before us the setting and the atmosphere of Latin America, and adventures which take place primarily in this special setting.

Of the three works by Joseph Conrad that deal with Latin America the first, *Romance*, was born in circumstances beyond the writer's own control, and yet it is the only one of the three which in some measure employs his own personal memories. The first idea of this book, which was written in collaboration with Ford Madox Hueffer, does not belong to Mr. Conrad himself; and the word 'collaboration,' though exact enough, does not have its usual meaning here. It is not a work that from its birth belonged equally to its two authors, and on whose outline they agreed from the start. The whole book had been written under the title, *Seraphina*, when Mr. Madox Hueffer submitted it to Conrad, but at that time the work had reached scarcely half its present length.

With his sure and definite feeling for the real, his faculty for seeing and for making his reader see, his cleverness in showing the fundamental springs of action and at the same time his sympathy for the struggle of youthful enthusiasm against adversity or simple disillusion, Joseph Conrad instantly understood the part that he might have in this story of buccaneers, which still remained somewhat inconsistent in its play of personalities, in which there was only partial reality. He went over the book from one end to another; most of the characters invented by Madox Hueffer were developed, comprehended in every detail, and other characters, sailors especially, were added to enrich the action. The third and fourth parts of the novel — that is to say, more than half — were entirely from Joseph Conrad's pen, and to him also is due most of the second part, or, to be exact, the three-hundred-odd pages that employ the Latin-American setting of the Antilles.

Anyone who knows the work of Joseph Conrad can see clearly that the subject of this book is not his. Adventure for its own sake does not enter into the Conradian scheme of things, but he has made a fascinating portion of the book, and he has understood how to give to his part of the work a fascinating life, a feeling of things seen, that is altogether his own. Yet Joseph Conrad has never seen this part of the island, and has scarcely seen the island itself. When he was sailing on the Mont-Blanc and the Saint Antoine, two sailing ships

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from Marseilles, to whose crews he belonged in his twentieth year, he put into several ports in the Antilles and went ashore on the Mexican Coast, besides seeing the coasts of Venezuela and Colombia near the mouth of the Magdalena River. He barely brushed these tropical lands in passing when he was a boy of eighteen. Yet it was from these impressions alone that he could draw the visual portion of these American books, which he wrote more than thirty years afterward.

This capacity for reconstruction appears with a force and grandeur that seem those of genius in *Nostromo*, the second of Mr. Conrad's books with a Latin-American setting, and the longest of the author's novels, in which he has employed full measure of his evocative skill, a book which many of his admirers — and in their ranks I range myself — choose as his masterpiece, both for the strength of its suggestion and the beauty of its style. The creative skill in such a novel can only be compared to that of a Flaubert, reconstructing in *Salâmmbo* the world of Carthage from its fragments.

Nostromo is not mere adventure in which several individuals are concerned, but the creation of a whole imaginary South American republic in a state of fermentation — the Republic of Costaguana, situated somewhere near the equator in the vicinity of Peru. It is a story of a South American revolution with its various motives, the conflict of characters and diverse races clashing in their social and moral conceptions quite as much as in their material interests.

If, in the creative effort that it demanded, *Nostromo* recalls that employed in the composition of *Salâmmbo*, in internal structure it can be better compared to such a book as the *Éducation Sentimentale*, in spite of its very different setting. There is a similar quest of synthesis, a similar desire to stuff the whole epoch and a whole society into the confines of a single book.

One might think that *Romance*, which was written in 1902 and 1903, had something to do with determining the writing of *Nostromo*, to which Mr. Conrad devoted the years 1903 and 1904. Nothing of the sort. The book originated from an accident — the reading of a little book of voyages called *On Many Seas*, in which a sailor, assisted by an American journalist, recounted the adventures, legal and illegal, in which he had taken part. Among the experiences to which allusion is made in this story, is one of a flight of flying fish which recalled to Mr. Conrad certain facts of which he had heard talk during his earlier days in the Gulf of Mexico in 1875. It was this recollection which stirred the novelist's imagination, and became the skeleton on which the most finely wrought flesh was placed.

Neither an act of the will nor simple erudition would have been enough to create such a book as this. The truth is that ever since his childhood — Mr. Conrad himself told me the whole thing very recently — his taste for adventure, which had drawn him to books about voyages; had especially led him to seek those which dealt with Latin America. In addition to the books that he had read during his childhood, there were English books, books of voyages, accounts of expeditions by land and sea, peaceful or warlike books, read in the course of thirty years by one of the most avid readers I have ever known — an imaginative reader who unconsciously stored up in the casket of memory important, definite, or picturesque details without even noticing what he was doing. By dint of his reading and his memories of the little that he had seen and of all that he had

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imagined, together with what he had heard from friends who had lived in that country, the South American landscape became as real, as visible, to him as the landscape of Malaysia, or Africa, or Poland, which he had so often seen with his own eyes.

The third 'American' work of Joseph Conrad is the story, *Gaspar Ruiz*, which deals with an episode from the Wars of Independence. I must not go so far into the plot as to spoil the pleasure of making its acquaintance for the reader. I shall content myself with recalling that in the original edition of the volume, *A Set of Six*, to which it belongs, it bears the title 'A Romantic Tale,' which fits it as no other could. In 1920 Mr. Conrad wrote a kind of preface to this volume, 'A Note by the Author,' such as he wrote for each of the volumes that constitute the first collection of his works. In these notes the writer reveals his own feelings about his various works and some of the circumstances in which they were written.

There is a certain interest in learning that *Gaspar Ruiz* was undertaken about a month after *Nostromo* was finished, and although these two books deal with periods separated by some fifty years, one from the other, one may remember notwithstanding that Latin America's political, economic, and moral situation had undergone far fewer changes than those of the last twenty or thirty years. It is indeed natural that the great effort of *Nostromo* should also produce *Gaspar Ruiz* as a kind of excrescence, in some such manner as Flaubert's work, *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, produced *Herodias* as its excrescence.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Conrad very properly observes in his note: 'Except for the locality, which is rather vast, being the whole continent of South America, the novel and the short story have nothing in common, in their character or intention, least of all the style. The manner is, most of the time, that of General Santierra, and that old soldier — as I note with satisfaction — is thoroughly consistent with himself throughout the tale.'

When one has read the story, examined its structure and its course, one comes to agree with the author that, of all the ways one can think of for telling this story, the one that has been chosen — that is, putting it into the mouth of an old soldier who talks of his own youth — is certainly the one that gives it most character and communicates to it the liveliest feeling of reality.

With the firm and simple frankness that characterizes the prefaces of a great writer who has composed his varied and extensive work, not under the spur of a vague single inspiration, but with a clear and thoughtful knowledge of the resources of his art and his own temperament, he adds: 'I feel that the story could not have been made in any other way.'

The reading of this story no doubt will stir some of my readers to make the acquaintance of Joseph Conrad's other works. It is perhaps not amiss to call attention to the links in the intellectual chain whereby a writer born in Poland, which is the barrier of the Occident against the East, interests himself in Latin America, which is the westernmost extension of the Occidental spirit.

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AMARYLLIS AND THE KING

BY J. M. REID

From the *Cornhill Magazine, April*
(London Literary Monthly)

Sitting under her tree in the shade, with the folds of her dress properly disposed to suggest repose, Amaryllis was undoubtedly a very charming and refreshing object in a landscape which, for Arcadia, gave signs of rather unusual heat. The lambs had quite ceased to frisk about in the manner proper to them, and were gathered in little somnolent groups; a haze rose above the streams, and Damon, who had been piping rather too assiduously since midday, was feeling almost unpleasantly warm.

Certainly Amaryllis looked unusually charming to-day, and it was delightful to be able to throw oneself down at her feet, as Damon was doing, with the knowledge that one would be able to remain talking to her till all suspicion of excessive heat had vanished. He smiled at her as he laid his face in the grass and thyme. Amaryllis stirred his pipes with her staff. 'Oh, Damon,' said she, 'I've been waiting for you all afternoon. Do let's dance.'

It was natural that Damon should be annoyed. Of course he was not incapable of dancing — one never is in Arcadia — and it would have been offensively ridiculous, when a girl like Amaryllis could remain so delightfully fresh and cool, to have supposed that he felt too hot. But Damon was no ordinary shepherd — he had traveled and knew the world. About a year before, he had left Arcadia with some merchants who had come to exchange flowered muslins and blue-silk ribbons for the wool of the country, and they had taken him to the city of Athens, whose king was also Protector of the Arcadians, though his duties toward them were no more than a solemn visit, paid every four years or so, to make sure that no one else had thought of setting up any government in the country.

Well, Damon was very much surprised by several of the things which he saw at Athens, but particularly by the King's regiment of guards, who impressed him by the magnificence of their dress, the brilliance of their muskets and side arms, and especially by the respect in which they seemed to be held, for the Athenians were then at war. He enlisted, but in a few days the number of the regulations he had to obey, the early hour at which he was expected to get up, and the uncomfortable nature of his too gorgeous clothes disgusted him with the service; and one evening he deserted the colors and went home again. There are no police in Arcadia, so his return was undisturbed, and his experience, in spite of its rather equivocal ending, caused him to be received as a person of great social and military experience.

Amaryllis, after all, was a mere country chit, and he could not be expected to follow her rather ridiculous ideas about the proper hour for dancing.

'In Athens, my dear,' he said, lifting his face a little way from the ground, 'one never dances in the afternoon.'

Amaryllis looked at him. She did wish he would n't be so silly. She

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really wanted to dance, and Athenian manners had so often interfered with plans which he would certainly have fallen in with before he went on his travels. But he looked rather nice lying there at her feet; perhaps he was a little pink, but, after all, it was a very hot day. She smiled.

'All right,' she said, 'we won't dance if you feel warm, Damon, dear. Please help me with my girdle,' and she held out to him the ribbons she was plaiting together.

The smile annoyed Damon. She was certainly laughing at him. He might be a little warm, but this was ridiculous. He was a person of experience, and very well able to keep himself in the condition proper to shepherds. Corydon, good fellow, or that young Tityrus, who had only lately come from the part of the country where the married shepherds live and bring up their children till they reach the Dresden-china stage, might be expected to get themselves into a heat over their piping, but he could remain properly decorative.

'Amaryllis,' he said, 'I am not hot, but I don't choose to give way to the ridiculous provincialisms of this place. I can certainly go where I shall not be laughed at.' He rose, looking extremely warm by this time, and walked off, piping vigorously and causing a great commotion among the lambs.

In the evening, after the sheep were folded and when it was time for everyone to dance, Damon, who after all was very much in love, was anxious to make it up again. Amaryllis really was the prettiest of all shepherdesses — everybody said so — and he was n't worthy of her: but it was clearly impossible that he should ask her pardon, because it had certainly been her fault. He was a little late of coming to the green, and there she was already dancing with Tityrus, who skipped about on his long legs like a colt, and grinned in that oafish way he had. Damon felt almost disgusted, and showed it, so that the others kept away from him.

Amaryllis took no notice of him, and went on dancing with Tityrus — who really bored her very much, because he had not yet learned to keep time to his own piping — long after she must have known he was there. It was clear that there was nothing to be done: one could not dance with anyone else after having had Amaryllis almost to one's self for a year, and, besides, Damon was sure that the other shepherdesses were laughing at him.

He began to repeat to himself all the songs he knew about despairing lovers, cruel nymphs, frozen snow, and so on. At last he went away singing loudly, as soon as the dusk had partly hidden him from the dancers, a song in which was debated the ignominy of being subject to a woman's whim, and the determination of the composer to give his affections only where he could find a proper appreciation of his own merits. Bitterness rapidly swelled his voice, and only his very incomplete mastery of the art of writing in metre kept him from adding several verses in the worst possible taste.

The thing went on for three days. No quarrel had ever lasted so long before, and Amaryllis, thinking the matter over on the fourth morning under the flowered canopy of her bed, began to feel that it would almost be necessary to end it. Tityrus was really extraordinarily tiresome, and Corydon, who was never attached to anyone in particular and might have occupied her time, always reminded her by his smile that he had lived near her in those forgotten days when she was a child and had done and suffered so many things intolerable to the dignity of a shepherdess.

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She must dance with someone, too, or Damon would think himself as necessary to her as in fact he was. When one looked at the affair in that light, it was impossible to apologize. Amaryllis felt almost inclined to cry, but, remembering her complexion, refrained.

It was fortunate that she did so, for the shepherdesses had scarcely begun to lead out their flocks when they were startled by a sound wholly foreign to Arcadia, which was nothing else than the tapping of kettledrums, the singing of fifes, and the rather harsh cries of a sergeant-major, all of which was heard coming from the drove road below the green. Some of the shepherdesses were a little afraid, — for fear, in moderation, is a charming emotion, — several of the shepherds had the air of a very martial determination, and everybody went forward as quickly as possible to see what was happening.

Amaryllis, who was not in the habit of showing fear, was rather surprised to notice that Damon was not to be seen. He must have wandered very far already — a remarkable thing, for Damon's one fault in deportment had always been a tendency to be rather late in the morning. However, there was not much time to think about him, for the Athenian grenadiers were already advancing across the grass in the most disciplined and heroic manner, and — a remarkable evidence of their military exactitude — without turning their heads in the least to look at the shepherdesses.

Their scarlet and silver shone with a peculiar brilliancy against the fresh green of the still dew-laden grass, their hair was powdered and turned up so neatly that it appeared as if they had only just come upon parade, and their high gray caps gave them the appearance of being very tall indeed. The sergeant-major, too, swung his gilt staff with a great deal of dexterity, so that a number of the younger Arcadians were convinced that he must be the King.

Indeed, everything was most favorably disposed for Theseus, who, having just brought the hostilities with the Amazons to a conclusion satisfactory to a considerable part of his people, was able to assume a look of careless freedom, which became him very well, as he rode above his marching soldiers on the black horse with gilt trappings so well known to Athenian social life. He at least was under no restraint with regard to the shepherdesses, but looked at them with great pleasure as he reined in his horse in front of the long line of his guard. The Arcadians, who were well informed as to Athenian custom in these matters, cheered loudly, and then went off to dispose their sheep in the immediate neighborhood, so that there should be no difficulty about giving all necessary attention to the King.

Theseus had always felt these Arcadian journeys to be a little tiresome. There was really no business, since there is no law or government in Arcadia; and, though one always talked of how delightful the country was, even a few days passed in watching the people dance were apt to be a little insipid. On this occasion, however, he felt that the retirement would be pleasing. The war was over, but he had the feeling that Hippolyta might, after all, be rather a difficulty. And then, if there was any trouble between them, all those people who would persist in saying that the Amazons had not really been beaten, and that his marriage with the Queen was not much more than a confession of defeat, would be sure to raise a cry about it.

He wanted a rest, and Arcadia was restful. And one might unbend a little

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where no one could possibly be jealous. The King smiled very graciously on the gathered Arcadians, and asked them if they would not dance.

Amaryllis had again to be content with Tityrus, and the boy had really never been so annoying. The thought of the King put him out; he stood quite still at the most difficult parts of the tune, and he would not give Amaryllis his hand at the right moments. They were just in front of Theseus, too, and it was impossible to doubt that he was smiling. She stopped, and actually stamped her foot with anger, and Tityrus, becoming still more alarmed, forgot to play at all.

Theseus was amused. He was sure that Amaryllis was the prettiest of them all, and it would really be very entertaining to dance one of these real Arcadian dances. It did n't look difficult, apart from the piping, and of course he could n't be tired by it if these girls could keep it up for so long. He got up, brushed aside his officers, and, taking Amaryllis by the hand, told Tityrus to continue his playing, and began what was a very fair imitation of the figure he had just been watching.

But Arcadians are Arcadians, and if one has been accustomed from one's earliest years to dance through a large part of each day, one acquires a dexterity for which no degree of mere agility can compensate. Amaryllis was rather alarmed to notice that the King was really becoming very warm, and, to judge from his expression, almost angry. Athenians, even of the highest rank, could not be expected to know quite how to conduct themselves in these matters, and Theseus's performance was really very creditable; but she was not sorry when he gave her his arm — with a very gracious bow, to be sure — and allowed himself to be led back to the bench which served him for a throne.

Amaryllis withdrew as soon as possible, feeling that perhaps the situation was not one to be prolonged, and it was, unfortunately, at this moment that the sergeant brought Damon before his prince. They had found him among the reeds of a little marsh, and it was certain he had been hiding. His clothes were stained with mud in several places, and even his hair seemed lank about his ears; but the sergeant distinctly remembered him. He was that Arcadian deserter who had caused them so much trouble a year before. Theseus frowned; a case of this sort was precisely what he felt he needed after the unfortunate episode of the dance. The dignity of Athens must be preserved, and, though there could be no execution in Arcadia, Damon should certainly return with them and suffer the punishment to which a court-martial could not fail to condemn him.

The Arcadians, who have a very proper feeling in these matters, had withdrawn, as far as politeness to Theseus would allow them, the moment they saw the unfortunate condition of Damon; but Amaryllis, who had quite forgiven him as soon as he appeared marching in that undignified way between two grenadiers, felt that on this occasion misfortune was of too grave a kind to be mended merely by being ignored. From her seat under a may tree she could see clearly that what the King said was very serious. Something must be done. She composed her dress carefully as she sat, and put her chin between her remarkably white and slender fingers. After all, if Damon had to be a little jealous it certainly would do him no harm.

The Arcadian wine is of such a quality that, though it is far from being flat, no native of the country is ever more than pleasantly excited by it;

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but upon strangers its effect is often more pronounced. Two days of Amaryllis's company were perhaps in themselves sufficiently intoxicating, and it was a little unkind of her — after having led Theseus over so much charming country that he was quite lost to the members of his guard, after having danced with him, demonstrated to him the proper steps and criticized his efforts, and even attempted by alternate instruction and imitation upon a single set of pipes to teach him her favorite air — to encourage him to drink such an unusually large number of glasses when he returned, rather hot, it must be admitted, and thirsty, to his tent.

It was strange, too, that she should have chosen to have Damon brought in just when Theseus was showing himself so absorbed in her charms, and offering her so many rather incoherent compliments. Damon did not seem to like it at all, though he said nothing. After the fourth bottle had been drunk in very unequal proportions by the King and the shepherdess, Theseus put out his arm and drew Amaryllis down upon the bench beside him. Athenian gentlemen, as is well known, never forget themselves: the King was certainly making a proposal of marriage.

Amaryllis did not make any attempt to free herself, but sat smiling down at him and looking rather pleased, for, after all, it is pleasant to receive compliments of this sort from royal persons, and her frock was not being very badly crushed.

When the King had finished, she said to Damon, 'You hear this?' Damon scowled.

Amaryllis told him to behave properly, and, with what was certainly a very charming little air, patted Theseus lightly on the head. 'I'm afraid it won't do,' said she. 'You see, there's that poor Queen to be considered, and then I used to be rather fond of Damon. I think you'll just have to let him go and give us your blessing, because, you know, it would be awkward if he were to discuss your Majesty's present situation in a dying speech.'

Theseus grew a good deal more sober. The minx! He could n't venture to interfere with the Athenian enthusiasm for dying speeches, brutal though he had always thought it. And Damon would certainly have sense enough to attribute his execution entirely to his knowledge of this affair.

Still, that would n't have mattered if it had n't been for Hippolyta and the offensively active feminism of her subjects. A really serious quarrel would mean another war. Or perhaps the Athenians would prefer to depose him. This was just the sort of thing Hippolyta would quarrel seriously about, too.

It was clearly an occasion to be gracious. Theseus called in as many of his guard and of the Arcadians as the tent would hold, and joined Amaryllis's hand to Damon's with a little speech.

They were married next day, and before the King left the country he conferred upon Damon the office of Lieutenant and Vicar-General of Arcadia, a position which, though it gave no actual power, carried with it the right to wear on all proper occasions the uniform of the Athenian grenadiers. It was for this event, too, that Corydon composed that delightful air, still popular in Arcadia under the name of 'Damon's Bridal,' and also the verses beginning,

Damon despairing sate,

which are too well known to need quotation.

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LEIGH HUNT AS A PROSE WRITER

BY ROGER INGPEN

[Mr. Ingpen is an English literary man who enjoys special familiarity with the Romantic writers of the early nineteenth century. He has edited Leigh Hunt's Autobiography *and is author or editor of several books dealing with the Shelleys.]*

From the *Bookman, January*
(London Literary Monthly)

It is only a few months ago since I was listening to the recollections of the late Miss Alice Bird, who was probably one of the last links with Leigh Hunt and with the Shelley group. She and her brother, Dr. George Bird, had a genius for friendship, and their circle included the most notable literary and scientific men of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Leigh Hunt, however, was Miss Bird's chief hero, whom she loved to describe as he appeared to her — a beautiful old man, sympathetic, courteous, and generous. She recalled him, in fact, much as did Nathaniel Hawthorne in his well-known word-portrait: —

> I have said that he was a beautiful old man. In truth, I never saw a finer countenance, either as to the mould of features or the expression, nor any that showed the play of feeling so perfectly without the slightest theatrical emphasis. It was like a child's face in that respect. But when he began to speak, and as he grew more earnest in conversation, I ceased to be sensible of his age; sometimes, indeed, its dusky shadow darkened through the gleam which his sprightly thoughts diffused about his face, but then another flash of youth came out of his eyes and made an illumination again.

Miss Bird's description of Hunt was also in keeping with that of Carlyle, whose admiration of his personality and talk was evidently whole-hearted and free from his accustomed cynical qualifications. Leigh Hunt's magnetic personality can only be realized faintly now by the written records of his friends; his writings do not reveal it to any marked degree. Shelley, Keats, Lamb, and Hazlitt were each attracted by it, although they were probably not whole-hearted admirers of his literary work.

In later life he won the friendship of Browning, the Carlyles, Dickens, Lord Houghton, and a host of others, all of whom spoke of him with affection. It is true that Dickens identified him with his character of Harold Skimpole, but admitted the portrait was not entirely that of Hunt. Although he was perpetually more or less 'hard-up' for money, the charge, which has too frequently been repeated, that he was careless in repaying loans, is not altogether just. Carlyle recorded, but not necessarily for publication, the story of keeping on the corner of a mantelpiece certain sovereigns which Hunt was in the habit of borrowing and returning with regular punctuality.

Mr. Reynell — one of his oldest and closest friends, and in whose house, while on a visit, Hunt died — used to say that in money matters he was scrupulously exact. He lent Hunt money from time to time, and it was always repaid, including, on one occasion, a considerable sum.

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It was Leigh Hunt's misfortune that he had to keep his pen incessantly employed in order to earn his living, and he seldom found time to consider or read over what he had written before it was printed. When he reprinted his work it was invariably revised, expanded, and improved. If Hunt had been an amateur, rather than a professional man of letters, if he had not been compelled to write for bread and the bread for a large family and a thriftless wife, his position as an essayist in the first rank might have been uncontested. He might have learned how to select and reject, a lesson which he seems never to have thoroughly understood.

But, to deal with his obvious faults first, there is a prettiness, an irrepressible cheerfulness, and a strain of sentimentality, in much of his work, which cloys. One longs for a little of the subacid flavor that gives zest to the essays of Lamb and Hazlitt. There was not a strain of the cynic in Hunt and that is one of his most lovable qualities, but one misses it in his writing.

Hunt's early literary productions found their way into type too readily. It is unfortunate, when he first began to write, that he was not compelled to go through the mill like the majority of would-be authors. It was unfortunate that old Isaac Hunt made a book of his boy's verses and published them, and it was equally unfortunate that Leigh should have become a dramatic critic at twenty-three and editor of the *Examiner* at twenty-five. It was good for journalism that a young man of such spirit and with such high ideals should conduct a newspaper, but it was not a good training for an author.

His pen was too facile and his style too glib; he admired the ease of Steele's conversational style, though it was many years before he managed to write with anything like the same skill. But Hunt succeeded in producing a species of essay that is essentially his own. He could write as no one else has written on the 'Deaths of Little Children,' on 'Dreams on the Borders of the Land of Poetry,' on 'Coaches,' on 'A Hot Day,' and 'On the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving.' His essays form a large collection which is well worth the trouble of sifting for the pure gold that is to be found in loads of less refined material.

A collection of Leigh Hunt's prose writings could not well be undertaken lightly. If anything like finality were attempted it would indeed be a formidable undertaking, as he left hardly any class of literature untouched. He was what might be described a polygraphist, a literary man by profession of wide interests. His range included, not only poetry and the drama, but essays, dramatic and literary criticism, biography, fiction, and a species of delightful *ana* or chatty history of London places and events.

One would also have to take into account his extensive journalistic labors with his political articles and his letters. Much of his work was written at high speed and is now forgotten, as it deserves to be and as he desired it should be. But Hunt rescued enough to enable him to be judged as a writer, and for the quality of his work to be compared with that of his contemporaries.

Notwithstanding that his occupation was mainly that of a journalist and editor, his life for some years had been full of action of a sensational kind. He had been a fierce fighter with the pen in his early days on the *Examiner*, and he had knocked up against most of the men and women of his time who were worth knowing. Possessing the kind of memory and mind which best suits a writer of memoirs, he could recollect people, stories, and anecdotes and was happy in his attempts at character-sketching. His *Lord Byron and Some*

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of His Contemporaries created a sensation and naturally brought a good deal of abuse on Hunt's head. It contained an ill-timed and indiscreet attack on Byron, who had but recently died and therefore could not defend himself.

But the book is interesting; it contains much about other people and it forms the germ of his entirely admirable *Autobiography*, in which Hunt's bitter resentment at his treatment by Byron disappears. Age and sorrows had mellowed his outlook on life and he had lived to regret his picture of Byron, although at the time of its publication he thought it was justifiable.

The *Autobiography* as we now have it, for he had just completed its revision for a second edition at the time of his death, is one of the best books of its kind in the English language. Few authors have an opportunity, even if they have the inclination, to rewrite their books, but Hunt had that opportunity and used it to the full. Purple patches in the *Autobiography* do not abound, but there are numerous passages in the book that linger in the memory. The descriptions of his school life and early days stand out, as does also the account of his imprisonment in Surrey jail, of the little garden in the yard, and of his room with its bright wall-paper of trellised roses, the books, the busts, and the piano, and of Charles Lamb's remark that such a room could not exist this side of fairyland.

The most memorable chapter perhaps is that which contains the account of the burning of Shelley's body on the shore of the Mediterranean. Shelley's death, indeed, was the great tragedy of Hunt's life, but the memory of his friend remained for the rest of his life his most treasured possession. Among the benefits that life had bestowed upon him he used to name as the greatest that he had known Shelley.

Of his literary criticism there is no more characteristic piece of work, with its merits and its faults, than, to give its full title, his *Imagination and Fancy, or Selections from the English Poets, illustrative of those first requisites of their art; with markings of their best passages, critical notices of the writers, and an essay in answer to the question, 'What is Poetry?'* The selection is well made — but for the unaccountable omission of Wordsworth — and the criticisms are not only sound but in some instances acute.

There were few things that Hunt loved better than to compile books of extracts and quotations; but he was never satisfied with quotations alone — he gave something of his own by way of comment that was usually worthy of his subject. His method, however, of emphasizing his favorite passages by means of italic type was intolerable, and his essay in answer to the question, 'What is Poetry?' though long enough, is still far of the mark. How many before and since Hunt have attempted this definition. Even Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge tried, but has a satisfactory definition of Poetry ever been arrived at?

Hunt did produce one kind of book which has never probably been done, or at least not as successfully, by others: *The Town* and *The Old Court Suburb*. Chronicle histories of London streets, with biographical sketches of the notable people who lived in them, these books have a place of their own. But the London and Kensington of Hunt's day were very different places compared with what they are to-day. They are chronicles of the past and admirable books for all who love to dip into such things.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

AFTER THE WAR

BY J. H. HALLARD

[*Cornhill Magazine*]

They all go by . . . the plangent wars.
— R. L. STEVENSON

THEY all go by, the pitiless, plangent wars,
They all go by and leave the altered world
Unaltered. Underneath the hawthorn tree
The shepherd tells his tale, and o'er the sea
The ships are sailing with their wings unfurled,
Spring blows her clarion and the skylark soars.

The ancient mysteries are now as then;
Millions have passed, Earth heeds it not and smiles,
The roads outstretch their gray monotonous miles,
The ageless course of things begins again.
This loved hillside is beautiful as when
The clangorous trumpets blared, and when the isles
And all the mountains from their deep defiles
Answered the summons with a stern 'Amen.'

A LANDSCAPE

BY WILFRID THORLEY
(After Henri de Regnier)

[*New Witness*]

FROM poplars shuddering in their leafy swoon,
As though therefrom a flock of birds took flight,
There falls each separate image, sole and slight,
On the dim mirror of the drowsed lagoon.
Flush with the dark well, lo! the full round moon
Swerves from the bridge, and with her silver light
Clear and aloof, in sadness infinite
Mounts thro' the sky to her unclouded noon.

By field and lane and hedgerow falls the spell
Of gloaming nights that only dream can give;
No laggard heel along the causey rings.
Yet doth the fickle air grow voluble,
While sole and constant thro' the flooded sieve
The loud weir-water to the twilight sings.

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'POLUPHLOISBOISTEROUS HOMER'

THE most profitable pages for leisurely browsing in all the English press are the two devoted to correspondence in the *Times Literary Supplement*. They are quite unlike the correspondent columns of other periodicals. Here all is peace. Mr. Pro Bono Publico never takes his pen in hand. In these peaceful columns the wrath of Mr. Constant Reader is never heard. But here scholars and literary folk discuss such alluring subjects as 'Fawkes's "Brown Jug,"' 'Mark Pattison on Milton,' 'Sir Walter Scott and Terence,' or 'An Unrecorded Poet.'

Quite the best of the recent contributors is Mr. G. H. Hallam, who prints some scattered bits of classical persiflage which he says 'have floated down through the years *incerto auctore*.' The real author, in spite of some dispute, appears to be J. D. Lester.

The first of the ditties relates to 'poluphloisboisterous Homer': —

> Poluphloisboisterous Homer of old
> Dropped all his augments into the sea,
> Though he often politely but firmly was told
> Perfect imperfects begin with an *e*.
>
> The Bard replied with a menacing air,
> 'What the Digamma does anyone care!'
> And he sat and he sang by the wine-dark sea
> A book or two more of his Odyssee.

The letter Digamma has long been the cause of much tearing of hair among schoolboys reading Homer, but it remained for this poet to make it into an oath on its own account.

Other verses relate to another plague of studious youth, the grandfather of all historians: —

> Herodotus! Herodotus!
> You could not spell, you ancient cuss.
> The priests of Egypt gammoned you:
> It was not very hard to do,
> I do not think you'll gammon us,
> Herodotus! Herodotus!

and still another to his most distinguished follower: —

> Thucydides, 't is not with ease
> We Anglicise your μὲνς and δὲς,
> And scan your crabbed histories.
> O, had that Alexandrine fire
> Consumed your suggraphies entire,
> I think we should have bless'd that pyre,
> Thucydides, M.A., Esquire.

The author, Joseph Dunn Lester, was a schoolboy with Mr. Hallam at Shrewsbury School, from which he went on to Oxford, where he became a Scholar of Jesus College. In 1865 he joined the staff of Wellington College, where he died ten years later. A colleague there describes him thus: 'He was a little Welshman with a round face, in the midst of which was planted a little peaky nose, which always supported a pair of spectacles. He was known to us as "Jimmy," was a fellow of infinite jest, and beyond that a poet' — just the kind of man to write verses like these!

❦

FINNISH MUSIC IN ITALY

THE name of Sibelius was first heard in Italy with his two pieces, 'The Swan of Tuonela,' and 'A Saga,' according to a writer in *La Tribuna*, of Rome. Otherwise the northern composer was an almost unknown, mysterious product of 'the region of a thousand lakes.' They thought of him as a magician of the northern forests, long-haired and of mysterious habits, standing upon the shore of a cold lake when inspiration visited him, and chanting his creations to the skies. He came to Italy, however, and proved to be a gentleman of the usual European appearance, without a beard, with signs of imminent baldness upon his cranium, and with the quiet eyes of the happy father of a family.

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'My music,' he told us in the course of an interview, 'is not exactly folklore. I never used the popular melodies of Finland. I did compose melodies in our national style; but they came from my own brain, or rather from my ardent patriot's heart.'

'So that you may be said to follow the example of Mussorgski rather than that of Grieg?'

'Yes. I imbibed the native music and legends of my country and then I sang as it pleased me, often inspired by the *Kalevala*, — our folklore cycle, — that inexhaustible mine of creative emotion for every Finnish artist who is not spoiled by exoticism. . . . Because we do have such artists, especially among the younger ones, who display a pernicious tendency to internationalism. Debussy is a conqueror. Richard Strauss, Stravinski, and Schönberg have followers, too, but not as many as Claude Debussy.'

Jean Sibelius then spoke of the most prominent musicians of Finland to-day who did not suffer from 'exoticism' — Palmgren, Jarnefelt, Mericanto, and Melartin, the Director of the Finnish Conservatory of Music in Helsingfors, an institution that counts about a thousand students.

'They study with fervor in all branches of music. Our younger generation of musicians is more inclined toward symphony than opera. At Helsingfors operatic spectacles are rare, but we possess a symphony orchestra of excellent artists.'

The composer's gaze rested upon the panorama of Rome, and he remembered that in his own country people were still looking out upon vast sheets of snow while in Italy it was almost summertime.

'How cold is it there usually in winter?' he was asked.

'During the winter we have mostly a steady temperature of about twenty-five degrees below zero (thirteen below zero Fahrenheit), and once it reached forty below zero (the same as forty below zero Fahrenheit). For any warmth, in our country, you have to revert to your home and hearth — or to your art.'

Sibelius is Finland's foremost national bard; but he is also admired abroad as one who evokes the glories of a land of singular northern beauty, abounding in ancient sagas of savage warriors.

✠

THE FREEING OF RHYTHM

Ivan Vyshnegradski prefaces an article in *Nakanune* with a quotation from Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra:* 'Arise. Let us kill the spirit of heaviness.' He declares that the revolutionary tendency in music would not be such if it demanded only the new division of tones into quarters and thirds, and the division of the whole scale into entirely new intervals numbering eighteen, twenty, and so forth. But the two fundamental elements of the musical sound are its pitch and its duration. Division of the scale affects only the quality of pitch. Rhythm has to do with duration — and rhythm is also to be revolutionized.

What is rhythm? It is the primary, simple, creative movement whose freedom is the reverse of momentum. A wheel set in motion tends to revolve eternally at the same rate. If a free creative force governs its motion it may at any moment interrupt its inertia. Some of these changes of movement can be reduced to mathematical formulæ. But the most complicated of such formulæ, as for instance those which express the movement of different corresponding parts of a machine, do not exhaust the realm of rhythm. Quite the opposite: it is only

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beyond these mathematical interrelations that the true essence of rhythm can show itself. Heretofore rhythm has been enslaved by elements of inertia. It was measure, not rhythm. Music was essentially inseparable from dance — that is, the imponderable sound was constantly depending upon the ponderable matter.

The destiny of the composer is tragic because, when compared with creators in other branches of art, he needs three intermediaries between himself and his listener: score, instrument, and performer.

The metrical principle was first brought into music when Pope Gregory the Great established the *cantus planus* or the principle of equality of all whole notes. This was the beginning of the emancipation of music from the word — because previous to that time particular words and not particular sounds were accentuated in a chant. But at the same time this reform subjugated music to the mechanical principle of inertia: the wheel tends to revolve eternally — the notes are all equal among themselves.

The whole subsequent history of music is a continuous struggle for emancipation from other arts, even during the so-called 'golden age' of music when, hardly emerging from slavery to word, music became a slave to dance — that is, to mechanical movement in space. Not to speak of the rondo, even large works like the suite and the sonata have dance-forms for their foundation; and some people even to-day think that these are the only possible bases for composition.

Later, in the nineteenth century, free rhythm begins to awaken in the so-called 'romantic' music, which emancipates itself from dance but again comes under a strong influence of word, as in the symphonic poems of Liszt and Berlioz and the music drama of Wagner. Then comes a reaction in Brahms's dance music. All these revolutions and reverses are precisely efforts at emancipation — efforts to find a purely musical constructive principle. A typical example of this struggle was the appearance in the nineteenth century of the *tempo rubato*, that is, performance disregarding the fixed metrical indications. It is significant that in this case the score is not recognized as a perfect expression of the composer's creation, but only a means that he used for lack of a better one.

AUTOGRAPHS OF MODERN FRENCH WRITERS

THE prospective sale at auction of the autograph collection of the late Robert de Montesquiou has attracted great interest in Paris in April. The collection consists mainly of letters by celebrated writers, most of which contain valuable information on literary history and the lives of contemporary authors.

There are sixty-eight letters and two autograph poems by Paul Verlaine, one hundred and fifty letters and autograph poems by Madame Desbordes-Valmore, and two hundred and sixty letters, together with two manuscript articles, by Marcel Proust, who recently died. There are autographs of Balzac, Banville, Chateaubriand, Flaubert, Anatole France, Théophile Gautier, Victor and Georges Hugo, and Pierre Loti. There are also autograph letters by Stéphane Mallarmé, Frédéric Mistral, Jean Richepin, and Armand Silvestre, and one hundred and fifty letters written by Anatole France to members of his family and friends.

Besides the manuscript poems written by Madame Desbordes-Valmore, there is also a sonnet by Sully-Prudhomme, dedicated to her.

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LORD BYRON'S HOUSE

ANOTHER literary landmark of London will disappear when the building-wreckers attack Byron's old house at No. 8 St. James's Street, which the poet first occupied in October 1811, after finishing the cantos of *Childe Harold* on his Continental travels. The poet had already lived for a short time two years before in this same house.

The house has a number of odd features. Of them all, perhaps the oddest is the staircase built in a spiral shaft clear up to the roof, but of such diminutive proportions that a good-sized chair can hardly be carried up it. Apparently most of the poet's furniture came in via the windows. The front is very narrow, yet the rooms are pleasant and spacious, a result achieved by the architect only at the expense of the staircase. The house stands on Crown land, and the owners of the building which will replace it are to be compelled to insert on the new façade the marble medallion of Lord Byron now standing on his old house.

A fire on the right of the house cleared the way for the new building, and the new owner of 7, 8, and 9, which all stand on the same side of the street, proposes to raze them all and erect a modern building which will rise six stories in the air. It will continue what an English journalist refers to as 'the skyline of tall structures' along St. James's Street. This demolition almost entirely alters the appearance of the street as Byron knew it. Boodle's Club is still there, and so is Lock's Hat-shop, which occupies a low Georgian house; but except for these there is practically nothing.

✤

FUTURISTS AND FASCISTS

F. T. MARINETTI, the Italian poet, and his followers have called upon Mussolini to give the futurists preference in all artistic commissions, exhibitions, and orders under State patronage. The futurists demand triumphant entrée to international exhibits and insist that their art is to rule supreme in La Scala Theatre in Milan. They insist upon preference for their paintings and musical compositions over the works of foreign artists, and demand banks of credit for art like the credit banks open to meeting the needs of trade and industry. One trembles to think what a futurist poet could do to a State bank-account. The insurgent artists, however, profess themselves satisfied wit' the Premier's attitude toward th[illegible]pport he has pron[illegible]

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BOOKS ABROAD

Man and the Attainment of Immortality, by J. Y. Simpson. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Bookman*]

THE plain man or woman who 'knows and knows no more his (her) Bible true,' believes that immortality belongs to all human souls, and that the only problem is how that immortality is to be spent. Some thinkers are found, however, who regard immortality as something to be won. If they be right, those who do not attain immortality must cease to be: a startling application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. This theory of conditional immortality raises so many puzzling questions that we welcome a treatise that deals with the matter from all points of view. Dr. Simpson writes as a man of science, but he cannot help writing also as a theologian: his subject compels him. Some may even complain that his book falls into two independent parts — a scientific and a theological. Some will even ask contemptuously what Neanderthal skulls have to do with the Day of Judgment or the immortality of the soul.

In any case the plain man will read with interest the first half of the book, even though he finds some difficulty in getting into touch with the various forms of life that are presented to him under unfamiliar technical names. The matter is interesting in itself, and fosters the impression of an unbroken development up to the present time, with the suggestion that the future will continue the uninterrupted succession. Dr. Simpson [illegible] in his second part a definite [illegible] the first. But with the best will in the world to regard the book as a unity, the reader cannot help feeling that he is having matters presented to him from two different points of view. The scientific and the theological remain stubbornly apart, and of the two the theological dominates.

Psychology and Politics, by W. H. R. Rivers. London: Kegan Paul, 1923. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Labour Magazine*]

THESE essays bring home afresh the loss sustained by the death of the brilliant scholar who accepted nomination as Labor candidate for London University and died before the General Election. Working along the same line of thought pursued by Professor Graham Wallas, Dr. Rivers illumines many problems of social and political behavior, including that of the bureaucrat, swathed in red tape, and of the owner of property, in these studies of psychology and ethnology. The volume contains a biographical memoir by Dr. C. S. Myers, which shows how deeply Rivers influenced the development of the science he made his special study; and Dr. Eliot Smith, who edits the volume, contributes both a Preface and a Note to the lecture on the aims of ethnology.

Bibliographical Survey of Contemporary Sources for the Economic and Social History of the War, by M. E. Bulkley. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1923.

[*Outlook*]

THE Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has undertaken the publication of an extensive series of monographs in which some attempt will be made 'to measure the economic cost of the war and the displacement which it was causing in the processes of civilization.' For an undertaking like this it is of primary importance that all the data should be made easily accessible, and so one of the first volumes in the series is a bibliography. The mass of material bearing on the subject is almost inexhaustible. The present volume deals only with the United Kingdom; it is merely a selection, but even so covers 629 columns.

The introduction states: 'Owing to the circumstances of the time — the Defense of the Realm Regulations, which severely restricted the publication of information, the scarcity of paper (especially toward the end of the war), and the absorption of the greater part of the nation in practical and strenuous work which allowed little leisure for the recording of facts and impressions — the literature for the period is unfortunately in many directions meagre.' This was, perhaps, fortunate, for, had it not been the case, the literature would have become completely unmanageable. Miss Bulkley, the compiler of the bibliography, is to be congratulated on the way in which she has accomplished her task, and the publishers on the clear type and neat arrangement.

Black, White, and Brindled, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Grant Richards, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*English Review*]

IN this set of tales Mr. Phillpotts steps westward with a vengeance; like the great West Countrymen before him, he has heard the call of the Spanish Main and sailed for plunder into

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the Caribbean Sea. He must have gone after the fashion of 'Polly' to join an old love in the West Indies, for this is no mere tourist smattering of technicalities and backgrounds; had he been a sugar-planter all his life, instead of a (literary) territorial magnate, he could scarcely give us a more familiar set of pictures. His niggers, skippers, and creoles are the real thing, and there is tropic sun and tropic mystery in the stories themselves — a surprising *tour de force* revealing another new facet to a mind with every excuse to be subdued like the dyer's hand.

'The Three Dead Men,' which begins this set of seven, is a most original detective tale, in which the emissary from England is baffled, and the master mind at home excogitates the truth — a subtly done bit of work. The other stories give us plenty of thrills, arising from the reactions of the three colors, black, white, and brindled, upon each other's lives; and each of them is an excellently found and pleasantly told little novel. Sugar, niggers, planters, skippers and seamen, Barbados, Tobago, Trinidad, Grenada, the Virgin Islands, strange fruit and flowers, humming birds and snakes — splendid pigments for these well-limned bits of life.

Tennyson, by Harold Nicolson. London: Constable, 1923. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Tennyson: A Modern Portrait, by Hugh L'Anson Fausset. London: Selwyn and Blount, 1923. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[Edmund Gosse in the *Sunday Times*]

By a notable coincidence, the silence which has gathered during the past decade around the fame of Tennyson is broken at the same moment by two young critics of distinction. It is more than probable that Mr. Nicolson and Mr. Fausset would prefer to hold the field alone, and that to each the presence of the other is vexatious:—

> So have I seen, on Afric's burning shore,
> Two hungry lions give a dreadful roar,
> And the first lion thought the last a bore.

But Mr. Fausset and Mr. Nicolson may console themselves by reflecting that their simultaneous appearance will create more sensation than the solitary entry of either could cause, and that their rivalry will emphasize attention to their subject, which is what each of them desires. It is high time that the position of Tennyson, who has been dead for more than thirty years, should be reviewed, and, if necessary, revised. The adulation which surrounded his latest years was preposterous, and could only herald a reaction, which in fact was very speedily apparent. A good deal of nonsensical panegyric was succeeded by at least an equal amount of rude detraction.

Mr. Fausset is angry that the attacks on the poet by the very young should be attributed to 'dissolute caprice.' However that may be, it is very interesting to learn what is the opinion of two well-equipped and sincere young critics on a subject which they approach from opposite points of view. Mr. Nicolson and Mr. Fausset have little in common except their conscientious desire to present Tennyson to us without prejudice and with adequate care. We do not ask for 'reverent panegyric,' which is always an intolerable nuisance, but just as little are we willing to tolerate the insolence of ignorance. Neither has any place in the temperate and candid pages of Mr. Fausset and Mr. Nicolson.

An unavoidable feature of the two books, which becomes slightly annoying as we read them together, is the fact that each is built up in the recognized form of a critical biography. This is certainly the best way of constructing a literary life, but in the present case it has the accidental inconvenience of leading to a great deal of repetition. Mr. Nicolson and Mr. Fausset weave over again the familiar tissue of Tennyson's career, and much of it must needs be the same in each example. Both biographers tell their tale picturesquely; Mr. Fausset is the more satirical, Mr. Nicolson the more sympathetic, but both are sound historians.

Mr. Fausset does not seem to have revised his book quite as carefully as he might; the incessant misspelling of the name of Edward FitzGerald is exasperating. I am puzzled by the mention of 'Brookfield Blakesly' (*sic*) as an early friend of Tennyson; is not this a confusion between two persons, J. W. Blakesley, afterward Dean of Lincoln, and W. H. Brookfield? I have noted none of these snags in the smoother current of Mr. Nicolson. Mr. Fausset, who concentrates his attention on the personal character of his subject, isolates Tennyson from his surroundings; Mr. Nicolson, who is more literary in his objective, displays him, especially at the outset, against the background of his times. There is much to be said for either method.

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